

FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 13, 1971

TIME

**Front
Runner
For '72**



**Senator
Edmund
Muskie**



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Since when does the Statue of Liberty give off radiation?

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(yes, we kinda miss that old smell, ourselves).

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LETTERS

Nixon's New Economics (Contd.)

Sir: The President's lack of courage and insight throughout the last year and a half has forced him to take drastic action in the area of wages and prices. His complete wage-price freeze erases all equity. It rewards those unions and businesses that have demanded and received exorbitant increases in 1971, while penalizing those that have exercised restraint and haven't received increases this year.

While asking that we bite the bullet, the President has lost sight of the fact that many now have weakened gums, and that some no longer have any teeth.

SAMUEL S. ROSEMAN
Stanhope, N.J.

Sir: Thank God! Nixon is the one man who had the guts to do what should have been done ten years ago. I'm sorry I didn't vote for Nixon in '68, but rest assured I shall in '72.

KENT LAWRENCE
Nashville, Kans.

Sir: In an age when the average homeowner can't afford the price of bread in the markets, King Richard responds with his anti-inflationary proposal, which says in effect: "Let them eat cars!" The only way a homeowner can now get any money back is not through lowered prices or raised salaries but by a refund for every new car he buys.

MARTI KAPLAN
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir: George Meany's intemperate blast at the President's wage and price freeze, a policy that seems remarkably far and free of favoritism, sounds for all the world like a spoiled brat's demand for instant wish gratification. He obviously means to have his own way, even if it's at everyone else's and the country's expense, and regardless of how any of us may feel about it. If his demands are not met will he throw a tantrum or hold his breath till his face turns blue?

KENNETH T. ROBINSON
Lewiston, N.Y.

Sir: I am so dismayed by the reaction of the large unions and other groups that are fighting President Nixon's wage and price freeze. I must admit to not being a Nixon admirer, but he has finally done something that makes sense. What's wrong with Americans that they can't make a sacrifice for their country? And it is their country, not just President Nixon's.

KATHRYN I. KELLEY
Boston

Sir: It is quite obvious that the culprit responsible for America's international monetary problems is Japan. The U.S. is therefore being grossly unfair in penalizing Canada, whose currency has been floating for some time now.

The U.S. is acting like the schoolteacher who makes the whole class stay after school because of the misbehavior of one student.

JOSEPH A. TORBAY
Callander, Ont.

That Gentle Land

Sir: As a student of both Irish and British history, I found it incredible that you describe Great Britain as "that most gen-

"Honey, the boss wants me here Saturday"

"The weekend weather: rain beginning Saturday..."

"Jim, Billy's temperature is over 100°"

"...arriving around noon Saturday. Love, Aunt Lucy"

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"have a good weekend"

Firestone

tle and civilized of lands" [Aug. 23]. Surely you speak in jest. No other country could compete with the imperialistic, bloody past of England. In her notorious history, that "gentle land" has been involved in war with almost every nation on earth. Such an unadmirable trait seems to stem mainly from misguided English efforts to civilize the rest of the barbaric world. I remember that Americans' forebears threw the English out of America in 1776. The Nationalists in Derry are merely following in that tradition.

BARBARA A. BRADY
Potomac, Md.

Sir: Your fine article on the trouble in Northern Ireland seems to miss the main point, for it is only incidental that the struggle is between Protestants and Catholics. It is really between English and Irish and always has been.

To show how very true that is, in the infamous Plantation of Ulster the settlers were both English and Scottish, and almost immediately the Scots began to receive the same brutal mistreatment at the hands of the dominant English that the Irish were receiving. All the Scotch-Irish who could left Ireland. Mainly they came to the American colonies, and they brought with them an abiding hatred of England. That hatred proved useful to the Americans during the Revolution.

GALE HUNTINGTON
Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Sir: Your otherwise excellent piece on the situation in Northern Ireland had an irritating bit of malarkey about the 12th century Pope who first "gave" Ireland to the English. You forgot to tell your readers that the Pope in question [Adrian IV] was English!

H. DESMOND BYRNE
Pinole, Calif.

Sir: I would like to applaud my fellow countrymen, the British soldiers. What other country can boast of such disciplined men, keeping their tempers and feelings under strict control in a situation that daily causes them to be jeered at, insulted, stoned, wounded and even murdered? I am reminded sadly of the panic and disorder that was Kent State, when all the troops faced that black day were students.

(MRS.) EMILY JANE FOLLIS
San Jose, Calif.

Supreme Mistake

Sir: Father James Schall epitomizes the insensitivity, the blindness and the outright stupidity that have characterized the attitude of mankind in his relationship to the rest of this planet [Aug. 23]. Few creatures with an intellect above that of a canary would doubt the primacy of man.

Where ecologists and like-minded people differ from Father Schall is in the extent of man's dominion—his rights and privileges against those of all other living things. To believe that he could reverse or remedy the situation by intellect or by so long as his number continues to increase without bound is easily the supreme mistake of all time.

HOWARD A. GARCIA
Boulder, Colo.

Sir: Hope and blind faith are fine—up to a point. But I also believe that God gave us intelligence, and that it is sinful not to use it. I say it is the ecologists

who are using their intelligence and who really have the interests of man as well as those of nature at heart.

(MRS.) JOSEPHINE T. KAESTNER
Baltimore

Sir: All of us, feathered, furred, naked, scaled or multilegged, make it together or not at all.

ALEA H. PETERS
Lakewood, Colo.

Sir: Cheers to Father Schall for his sobering views on the subtle heresy of ecological zealots who place nature above man. There is a terrible insanity afoot when we display more outrage over oil-soaked ducks than over human fetuses that are disposed of because there is no room.

JERRY KLEIN
Peoria, Ill.

Honest Anger

Sir: In your Essay "Look Back on Anger" [Aug. 16] you have taken a quotation from my book *The Intimate Enemy* out of context, thereby creating the misleading impression that we naively assume that anger cannot be faked or used in destructive-manipulative ways. I did write as you quote: "Anger cannot be dishonest," but added at length the conditions of authentic intimacy under which this statement is hopefully true.

GEORGE R. BACH, Ph.D.
Institute of Group Psychotherapy
Beverly Hills, Calif.

White Tests?

Sir: I have but these few words to say about the article "Is Equality Bad for You?" [Aug. 23]. It is nothing but white

racist trash. Allow any white child to take an IQ test as biased in favor of the black culture as the present tests are oriented to the white culture, and you know who is going to come out on the low side. It does not take a brilliant person to realize that if you have been exposed to the material on the test, it is not too difficult to pass.

DAVID A. LEFFURGEY
Hays, Kans.

Sir: I would just like to know what gives Harvard Professor of Psychology Herrnstein the idea that the nation has a high-IQ ruling class.

ELAINE MERCER
East Randolph, N.Y.

The Lindsay Candidacy

Sir: Your story on John Lindsay [Aug. 23] filled me with dismay. But let us screw up our courage and admit it: it could happen. This beautiful but dumb, confused, double-dealing, disingenuous, opportunistic, party-swapping non-mayor could make it to the White House. And how, after four feckless, extravagant, regressive years would he defend his record as President? He would surely aver that "the United States of America is probably ungovernable."

DOUGLAS MARTIN
Glen Rock, N.J.

Sir: John V. Lindsay is the most attractive candidate to emerge from a field of dull, colorless men. I'm tired of political parties picking the most loyal party regular to run for office instead of the man who can win. Rather than cries of opportunism, why not unite behind the only man who can realistically beat Nixon?

(MRS.) BARBARA WINSTANLEY
Concord, Mass.

Principle Argument

Sir: As one of the 56 "old grad" judges of the University of Detroit law school [Aug. 23], I heartily endorse the students who are altruistic, innovative and active in court.

If only the great jurisprudential theorists at the prestigious law schools would follow the lead of the "streetcar law factory" activists, perhaps all our courts would finally be forced to take time for argument over a principle and thus administer justice, which, incidentally, is the reason for their existence.

GEORGY T. ARSULOWICZ
Municipal Court Judge
Walker, Mich.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Sept. 13, 1971 Vol. 98, No. 31

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES The Greatest Danger

What is the greatest threat to the survival of young Americans? The war in Viet Nam? Drugs? VD? Malnutrition? The correct answer, says Psychologist Leon Goldstein of the National Transportation Safety Board, is riding in an automobile. A Safety Board study reveals that youths are especially likely to have fatal car accidents between the ages of 16 and 19 and while driving at night, when driving conditions

are most hazardous. Goldstein said he also was "astonished" to discover that "measurable alcohol" had been a contributing factor in up to 60% of auto deaths involving youths between 16 and 24. That means at least one-tenth of 1% alcoholic content in the driver's blood—the equivalent for a 160-lb. male of five shots of 100-proof whiskey guzzled on an empty stomach within an hour.

No Honor Among Saints

Helping the poor is one of mankind's nobler activities, but as with all good works, it can be pursued with excessive zeal. That, at least, seems to be the case in Chicago, where some donors complain that goods they have left clearly marked for pickup by one charitable organization have been pilfered by truck drivers for a rival charity. People have reported that Amvets trucks have picked up clothing left for the Salvation Army. An Amvets official denies that this is being done but says witnesses have seen Salvation Army drivers making off with Amvets bundles. And Goodwill Industries of America, which relies on well-marked collection boxes rather than house-to-house pickups, claims that it gets complaints about both Amvets and Salvation Army drivers taking donations left beside the Goodwill boxes. Amvets Pick-

up Manager John J. Walsh is properly incensed at any such short cuts to good deeds. "There's enough out there for all of us," he contends. "We don't have to steal from each other."

Commemorative Fireworks

A century has passed since Mrs. O'Leary's cow made her legendary kick at a lantern and touched off the Great Chicago Fire—time enough, one would think, to get the story straight. Now, in observation of the conflagration's Oct. 8 anniversary, the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry has published a new version of what happened.

In the association's account, the cow was not the culprit. The guilty party was a one-legged neighbor of Mrs. O'Leary, Dennis ("Peg Leg") Sullivan, who went to the O'Leary barn for a nightcap, lit his pipe and ignited the hay. As he tried to flee, his peg leg stuck in a floor crack. He discarded it and hobbled to safety by clinging to the cow.

While the city ruminates on its revised history, the fire will be commemorated in a concert on the lawn of the Chicago Historical Society by the Chicago Chamber Orchestra Association, which will offer its own brand of fireworks: Haydn's "*Fire*," *Symphony*, Handel's *Royal Fireworks Music*, Ives' *Fireman's Parade on Main Street* and Dittersdorf's *The Fall of Phaëthon* (about a god who burned to death).

Who's Lost?

When a town dies, there is rarely a eulogy, a farewell or even a tear. Thus it was something of a commendable service when the U.S. Bureau of the Census took note last week of the passing of five tiny incorporated towns in the decade between counts. Lost River, Idaho, the bureau reported, had lost all 58 of its residents; Lakeside, Colo., declined from 28 to none; Westfall, Ore., from eight to none; Ridotto, Iowa, from six to none, and the lone resident of Ironton, Colo., either died or moved away. But towns, the bureau discovered, do not die easily. The inhabitants of Lost River complained loudly that any reports of the death of their town were greatly exaggerated. There are still 40 folks, mostly ranchers, living in the same Antelope Valley site, and they figure that the census bureau ought to be able to find them. Lakeside similarly claimed that it still has 17 residents, properly proud of their particular place in the world.



ARTIST'S VERSION OF HOW GREAT CHICAGO FIRE STARTED
Did the cow save the culprit's life?



PRESIDENT & MRS. NIXON AT SAN CLEMENTE



"Dr. Strange-Glove"

No Decent Exit from Viet Nam for the U.S.

ONE of the highest priorities of the Nixon Administration has always been the search for what one of its officials calls "a decent exit" from Viet Nam. Washington had hoped that next month's presidential election in that country would have provided such an avenue. A hard-fought campaign and honest balloting could have signified a long step toward open and competitive democracy, vindicating Nixon's policy of Vietnamization and justifying a stepped-up U.S. withdrawal. But last week President Nguyen Van Thieu killed any lingering hopes for such a success. By ordering opponent Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky's name off the ballot, he turned the election into an all but meaningless referendum on his own performance in office (see *THE WORK*). In Washington, Administration leaders were utterly dejected. "To say that we're disappointed gets nowhere near the depth of it," said one. "It's a goddam mess and we can't see our way out."

The election became a farce largely because Thieu would brook no opposition. Also the principals, with the possible exception of General Duong Van Minh, who withdrew earlier, maneuvered coldly in pursuit of their private ambitions. Although self-seeking might well be considered a universal disease of politicians, the candidates' actions, judged by Washington logic, made little sense. "It was in their interest, even more in ours, to have this election go off well," complained a frustrated U.S. diplomat. "We needed it, of course, to help justify our policies. But it is their country. They needed it even more." That sentiment was echoed by

a South Vietnamese official: "By using force, President Thieu can run alone. He will win, of course. But it will not solve the problems of our country. It will only make them worse."

Coup Attempt. The U.S. had hoped that it would be obvious to the South Vietnamese that a fair and vigorously contested election would knock down Hanoi's persistent charge that the Saigon government is a puppet of Washington. A willingness to allow diverse elements to compete for governmental power might also have convinced Hanoi that the time had come to negotiate seriously for a peace settlement. But as Thieu reaches for greater power by grasping all available governmental levers, dissidence grows, the possibility of a military coup becomes more real, and Hanoi may be tempted to continue to stall. Saigon could even return to the chaotic days of revolving governments that followed the overthrow and assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963. And that would almost certainly shred any remnants of U.S. sympathy with the Viet Nam involvement.

What will Washington say or do now in the face of the election farce? At San Clemente, Nixon had no comment on the Thieu power play, but it was clearly a setback. "The situation has soured," conceded a State Department spokesman. "But you will see no drastic action by the Administration." There is no intention to punish Thieu by any cutbacks in U.S. aid. Thieu's intransigence was a personal as well as professional blow to an aging but able U.S. diplomat, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker (see box, next page). Still, Bunker assured Thieu of

continued U.S. support and U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers reiterated the promise. The U.S. will go on applying verbal pressure to persuade Thieu that his tightening of government reins is a tactical mistake—but this holds less and less promise of success.

Washington apparently will now try to ignore the presidential election as much as possible. Officials are already trying to cite last week's elections for the South Vietnamese Lower House as a show of healthy opposition to Thieu. But the case is not impressive. More attention is being focused on Nixon's scheduled mid-October speech on further troop withdrawals. He is determined to proceed with his disengagement plans regardless of the political problems in Saigon. In fact, there is some speculation in Washington that he is getting ready to announce, or at least indirectly project, a date for final withdrawal of combat troops.

What most concerns the Nixon Administration is whether the President will be given the time to work out the Viet Nam departure on his own schedule. Congress reconvenes this week, and the Saigon shenanigans surely have it in an angry mood. "There'll be hell to pay," predicts a Nixon aide. Some Congressmen and Senators will undoubtedly demand reductions in assistance to South Viet Nam; sentiment for almost immediate withdrawal of troops will be stronger. "Let's not minimize it," said one worried Administration spokesman. "The chances are better than ever before that Congress might force a withdrawal date on us."

Frustrated and bitter about dealing

with egocentric South Vietnamese politicians, and pressured by Congress at home, the men around Nixon are expected to turn tougher and more determined as they grope for that elusive decent exit. In the end it simply may not be attainable, and the U.S. may decide to let Thieu grapple with his governmental problems on his own as U.S. disengagement continues. Thus the selfishness of Thieu and Ky—as well as their Oriental indifference to the procedures of Occidental-style democracy—may lead to a faster withdrawal than either Saigon or Washington wants. No one knows just how that would affect the fate of South Viet Nam, but it would not necessarily harm Nixon's prospects for re-election. Peace, to be sure, would be a political plus, but if a congressionally mandated withdrawal led to disaster in Viet Nam, the Democrats would share the blame.

Taint in the Justice Department

ASSISTANT Attorney General Will Wilson boasts a distinguished 25-year career fighting crime and corruption. He first made his mark as a district attorney in Dallas, then rode his rackets-smashing reputation to two terms as Texas attorney general. There he burnished his image as a tough prosecutor and in 1960 was chosen the nation's outstanding state attorney general by his peers. When President Nixon appointed Wilson to head the Justice Department's Criminal Division, the choice of the Texas Democrat-turned-Republican was considered a natural one. In 24 years at the Justice Department, Wilson has lived up to his reputation, launching unparalleled attacks on organized crime and political corruption. But now an episode from the past threatens to end his public career.

During six years spent in a law firm in Austin, Wilson was the principal attorney of Banker-Land Developer Frank Sharp. Sharp pleaded guilty earlier this year to federal fraud charges and, in testimony before Securities and Exchange Commission investigators, implicated Wilson in some of the business deals that preceded his downfall. The massive swindle masterminded by Sharp is the biggest Texas fraud case since Billie Sol Estes' capers of a decade ago. Sharp's manipulations have cost a Jesuit preparatory school \$6,000,000, pushed two insurance companies into receivership, and led to the first bank failure in Houston's history.

Twisted Affairs. Wilson issued a statement last week explaining his relationship with Sharp and denying any wrongdoing. But new information has come

The Anguish of a Yankee Gentleman

At the time of his appointment as U.S. Ambassador to Viet Nam in 1967, Ellsworth Bunker seemed the perfect man for the job. A cool-headed, persuasive negotiator, Bunker had calmed the thorny Dominican Republic crisis in 1965; he had served as a brilliant mediator in the bitter disputes between Indonesia and The Netherlands over former Dutch New Guinea and between Egypt and Saudi Arabia over Yemen. In Viet Nam during the tumultuous Tet offensive of 1968, and later through all the growing pains of Viet Nam's fumbling efforts at democracy, Bunker did nothing to diminish his reputation. Now President Thieu's intransigence in the face of Bunker's efforts to ensure a fair election has proved a profound disappointment to the septuagenarian diplomat. He is on his last assignment, and the unwarranted blemish at the end of an otherwise superlative career hurts deeply. The pain was evident as Bunker met with newsmen, including TIME Correspondent Stan Cloud, who sent this report:

Atop a grand piano and on a coffee table were autographed color photographs of Richard Nixon, looking flushed, happy and youthful. Abstractions come easily in such surroundings, and Bunker, looking tired but still trim and sage at 77, was nothing if not abstract as he fielded the questions of the testy, aggressive reporters, and discussed his reaction to the political trauma of the past fortnight.

The reporters asked many of the right questions, and felt that they received almost none of the right answers. Had he offered Minh and Ky millions of dollars to run? Had he urged Thieu to resign, as Ky suggested? Would he himself soon be retiring?

Bunker's replies were largely unresponsive and uninformative. He reminded the reporters that he had had a long lifetime of experience, that he had seen

and done too much ever to be surprised, too much to be disappointed by the failure of a single election. It was almost as if it were 1959, as if Bunker had been discussing whether the U.S. should become involved in Viet Nam. It was as if the past ten years had never happened.

Bunker is winding up his Viet Nam assignment, and his best hopes, and those of the Administration he represents, have been dashed by Nguyen Van Thieu. Bunker will leave South Viet Nam with an even less viable government than it had when he arrived. That cannot but have weighed heavily on him as the correspondents asked their impertinent, necessary questions. It must have pained him to go through the motions of answering.

Bunker, like Henry Cabot Lodge and Maxwell Taylor before him, did his duty to the last: he did so in the past two weeks with an almost frantic sense of urgency. In the end, he was reduced to mouthing the slogans of the cold war.

KY, THIEU & BUNKER AT AIRBASE IN VIET NAM



THE Vietnamese refer to Ellsworth Bunker as the "blue-eyed sorcerer" or "the icebox." In their view, the American ambassador is shrewd, cool and manipulative; a match for the wildest Vietnamese politician. He seems, in a word, inscrutable—so much so that a great many Vietnamese believe that Bunker, acting on Richard Nixon's behalf, eased Big Minh and Nguyen Cao Ky out of the presidential race. After all these years, they still do not understand the Yankee gentleman from Yale.

Cool and elegant in sports shirt, Palm Beach slacks and casual loafers, Bunker relaxed in the well-appointed sitting room of his Saigon house.

Scorecard on the Freeze



WILL WILSON
"I was a patsy."

to light that could have more serious repercussions. TIME has learned that Wilson paid for the installation of eavesdropping devices used against federal and state bank examiners investigating irregularities in the Sharp-controlled Sharpstown State Bank.

The incident occurred in late 1967 when bank examiners were beginning to delve into Sharp's twisted financial affairs. The electronic bugs were concealed in offices used by the examiners poring over the Sharpstown State Bank's books. They were installed for a \$2,500 fee by an electronics expert hired by Sharp. Wilson was then called by Joe Novotny, president of the bank, and told to pay the fee through his law firm. A memorandum Wilson wrote and initialed for his records on Nov. 6, 1967, detailed the transaction: "I received a telephone call from Joe Novotny and he said they had a bill for some construction work that they did not want to run through the books and that he preferred not to tell me why but that it was all right. They wanted me to send them a statement and they would send me \$2,500 as a fee and for me to pay the bill. I told him I would."

Paid for Bugs. Wilson received a bill for \$2,500 on the letterhead of Construction Consultants, Inc.; the charge was described as a "consulting fee." The bill was paid, and Wilson billed Sharp for \$2,500 in "legal services." In an interview with TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer, Wilson said that he had no idea that the fee was for the bugging devices. Wilson did not question the request from Novotny: "I trusted those people. As it turned out, 'I was a patsy.' Technically, Wilson did not break the law when he paid for the bugging. Texas has no law against eavesdropping, and the incident took place before passage of the 1968 Federal Omnibus Crime

AS a result of President Nixon's wage-price freeze, 10% surtax on imports and suspension of the dollar's convertibility into gold, both the domestic economy and the world monetary system remain dominated by an uncertain blend of international politicking abroad and hopeful but guarded confidence at home. Some of the week's developments:

THE ECONOMY. With the first rush of excitement subsiding, businessmen and consumers began looking for signs of the impact that Nixon's new program was having on the economy. The New York Stock Exchange's Dow Jones industrial average, which had soared to a high of 908.37 the previous week, started the week lower as Wall Street investors consolidated their gains and began to digest the possibility of an excess-profits tax; but it ended strongly at 912.75. The wholesale cost of food, industrial raw materials and manufactured goods rose .3% during the month—a seasonally adjusted rate of 8.4%, the fastest rate of increase in six months. But the increase is largely calculated from price surveys made before the freeze, and hence does not show what effect—if any—the freeze has had. Unemployment in August rose to 6.1%, bolstering the Administration's argument that Nixon acted none too soon.

WAGES. Taking their cue from top labor leaders, few unions decided to fight the freeze. But a group of unions representing 650,000 postal workers went to court seeking a ruling that Nixon's ban on pay raises already agreed to in collective bargaining is unconstitutional. To set an example

for private employers, Nixon announced that he would ask Congress to delay pay raises for civilian federal employees and the military for six months beginning Jan. 1, 1972.

THE DOLLAR. In the world's major money markets, the value of the dollar remained generally unstable. Throughout the Common Market countries and in Japan, exchange rates continued to be set as much by the actions of foreign bankers anxious to guard their own currencies as by any overall success in Nixon's efforts to devalue the dollar. In Japan, the dollar lost 6.4% of its value during its first full week of floating against the yen.

TRADE. The Treasury Department ruled that more than \$1.5 billion of imported goods in transit to U.S. ports or in bonded warehouses on Aug. 15 were exempt from the 10% import surtax. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird announced that the U.S. would sell 175 F-4 Phantom jets to West Germany for \$1 billion. Laird said that the decline of the value of the dollar in relation to the Deutsche Mark, which in effect cuts the price of the fighters for the West Germans, helped make the sale possible.

GUIDELINES. Arthur Okun, chairman of the CEA under President Johnson and a member of TIME's Board of Economists, suggested limiting wage hikes to 5% and price increases to 2% following the freeze. The Cost of Living Council ruled that prices that fluctuate seasonally, like those of tourist hotel rooms and of automobiles during year-end sales, may change during the freeze—but price hikes may not exceed the seasonal increases during the same period of 1970.

Control Act made eavesdropping by private individuals illegal. Nonetheless, Wilson did play a part in breaching the security of official investigations.

According to Sharp, who was given a \$5,000 fine and put on probation in exchange for testifying against his cronies—many of whom are key Democratic politicians—Wilson was involved in other Sharp deals. Sharp says that Wilson advised him to circumvent state banking regulations that set a limit on the amount an individual can borrow. Wilson denies it.

At Sharp's urging, Wilson also bought 1,000 shares of stock in another Sharp corporation for the wife of a bank examiner involved in the investigation of the Sharpstown State Bank. Since the examiner did not have a stock broker, Sharp asked Wilson to make the purchase through his Austin broker; Wilson complied. He says that he did not know who Sharp's client was. Why he did not recommend a broker

or why Sharp did not handle the roundabout transaction, Wilson has not explained.

Records at the Sharpstown State Bank show that since 1964 Wilson has borrowed \$297,100 from the now-defunct bank. The most recent financial transaction between Wilson and the bank took place 1½ years after Wilson became Assistant Attorney General. A year ago, Wilson received a \$30,000 unsecured loan. He has enjoyed a line of credit at the bank ranging from \$50,000 in 1964 to a high of \$200,000 in 1967, though that is not unusual for a man of Wilson's assets (\$1.3 million).

Although the disclosures in the Texas scandal have not yet uncovered any illegal behavior on Wilson's part, it is unlikely that he can continue as head of the nation's most prestigious crime-fighting body. The White House has expressed confidence in Wilson in the past, but in the wake of the eavesdropping revelations, he is likely to resign.



MUSKIE ADDRESSING STUDENTS AT PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY LAST SPRING

Muskie: The Longest Journey Begins

We have won elections in Maine. We have won more than anyone thought we could. But is that all there is? We now have a chance to reach out to the country, to the world.

THE speaker was Edmund Sixtus Muskie, the scene his state party's annual August clambake near Brunswick. The occasion was both a remembrance and a farewell. For it was just 17 years ago this month, at the age of 40, that he became Maine's first Democratic Governor in 20 years. This week Muskie embarks upon the longest and most difficult journey of American public life—the run for the presidency of the U.S. The race is starting earlier this year than ever before, a full seven months before the first primary in New Hampshire in March, eleven months before the Democratic Convention begins in Miami Beach in July, 14 months before the election. The costs of running have never been higher: between \$30 million and \$50 million. Yet Edmund Muskie embarks upon an enormous advantage over his Democratic opposition: he is the front runner.

For Muskie the journey begins in earnest this week in California, which, with at least 271 convention delegates, will be a crucial state for any Democratic candidate. On Labor Day, Muskie's schedule had him seeking support among Catholic labor leaders in Los Angeles. He will talk strategy with Democratic leaders in Santa Clara, San Francisco and San Diego, pause for a hospital tour in Watts, then head north to line up more party support in Oregon, another vital primary state.

The trip is the first in a series of forays that will take Muskie in the next

few weeks to West Virginia, Florida, South Carolina, Tennessee, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Wisconsin. In October he will concentrate on New York and New England, but he will stop in Mississippi, Ohio, New Jersey, Kansas and Missouri as well. By Nov. 1, he will have visited 14 of the 23 states—counting the District of Columbia—that will hold primaries next year. His strategy at this early stage is to drum up intersectional support and create enough political momentum to last through the hazards of the primaries and finally through the balloting next summer at Miami Beach's convention hall.

Search for a Winner

With so many other candidates in the field, Muskie plans to hold the center. If his earnest, sometimes ponderous manner does not project a specific magic, neither does it repel any constituency within the party. His hope is that his personal style will be so suited to the Democratic need for unity that he will become the inevitable candidate. He is counting on building a party-wide feeling that he is the man who can engineer victory in '72 by pulling together the right and left, young and old, white and black.

As early as Muskie's lift-off seems in comparison with past political schedules, he has in fact been slow, even sluggish in going after the nomination seriously. Some politicians thought his congressional Election Eve TV speech last November gave him a virtual lock on the nomination. On that occasion, Muskie spoke right after Nixon's shrill broadcast, taped in Phoenix, in which the President obliquely linked his Democratic

opponents with radical rock throwers. With the aid of onetime Robert Kennedy Speechwriter Richard Goodwin, Muskie conveyed an air of quiet and genuine outrage: "Honorable men have been slandered. They imply that Democratic candidates actually favor violence . . . That is a lie and the American people know it is a lie. How dare they!"

Moral Stature

The speech may or may not have contributed to the Democratic gains next day at the polls, but it unquestionably endowed Muskie with a certain moral stature and cast him as an earnest and moderate spokesman for the party. For the first time, he jumped ahead of Nixon in opinion polls. Both Democrats and Republicans believed that Muskie would waste no time moving to sew up the nomination, somewhat in the way that Barry Goldwater established his claim on the G.O.P. in early 1964.

Such expectations reckoned without the Muskie style, compounded of the hesitation, privacy and conviction that are simultaneously his strengths and his weaknesses. Another man—John Kennedy with his single-minded strategic will, or Lyndon Johnson with his visceral instinct for power—might have seized the chance, pressed for delegate guarantees throughout the country. "If he weren't so damned cautious," he would now overwhelm the field.

True enough. Muskie went through the candidate's motions, stepping up his speaking schedule, traveling to Europe, the Middle East and Russia last January. But he displayed little of the killer instinct. He is a ruminative man who for most of his political career has

proceeded with an almost elaborate deliberation, a perhaps understandable quality in a Democrat from traditionally Republican Maine. "I hated," says his wife Jane, "to see Ed so undecided, as he was a great part of last year. It was as if he was fighting inside himself." Says one aide: "He looks for seven sides to a four-sided question."

Now that he has begun to move, Muskie must consider some truly complex partisan geometries. So far, three major candidates and eight lesser contenders are in the running.

In the first rank with Muskie are:

HUBERT HUMPHREY. Never expert at hiding his feelings, Humphrey clearly wants to try again. "I've got my sails up," he told reporters when he turned 60 last May. "I'm testing the waters." He allowed that he might enter the New York and California primaries next spring if the early heats fail to produce a winner. His centrist campaign contributors are waiting for him, still holding out on Muskie or anyone else: Humphrey has asked them to keep their purses locked until November. Labor still likes him. He is well known and has a following among party regulars, although he ran second to Muskie (37% to 15%) in a Gallup poll of Democratic county chairmen. He is a close third in polls of registered Democrats (after Muskie and Edward Kennedy). But his 1968 defeat hurts badly, he is probably a too familiar face, and his nomination might touch off a schismatic fourth-party movement to the left.

EDWARD KENNEDY. He has repeatedly sworn any notion of running, although he has stopped short of a Sherman statement. He has made none of the quiet moves of a man who, despite public coyness, means to become a candidate. He almost certainly will not enter any primaries—but in eight states his name, as a prominently mentioned contender, may automatically appear on the bal-

lot. He has kept his name and face before the public, with a trip to India last month. Another is planned shortly to Russia. His national health insurance program has organized labor's support, and its greatest appeal is to older people, who were among those most deeply offended by Chappaquiddick. Kennedy can afford to wait out the primaries and see whether Muskie stumbles. If that happens, Kennedy, with his name and following, could conceivably be the man that the convention would turn to. Observes a Nixon political aide: "Suppose he gets out there and says, 'Help me finish what my brothers began.' You can't say how people would respond." But trying for the presidency might involve, for him, an unacceptable personal risk.

In the heavily populated second level of Democratic contenders, declared or possible, are:

SOUTH DAKOTA SENATOR GEORGE MCGOVERN. The first announced candidate, McGovern has support among the young for his long stand against the war—a stand that makes his something of a one-issue candidacy. Knowing that, McGovern is now focusing more on economic issues. He is trying to organize the primary states down to the grass roots; his campus organizations (more than 300) are the best in the field. But he is anathema to organized labor, has a tendency to shoot from the hip (his prompt labeling of the President's wage-price freeze as "economic madness," for example), and suffers from an image as "the Wally Cox of the campaign."

INDIANA SENATOR BIRCH BATH. He faces even more trouble in establishing the credibility of his candidacy. A Gallup poll of registered Democrats last month made him the choice of only 2%. His Senate record is impressive—he organized the fight against the Haynsworth and Carswell Supreme Court nominations, helped lead the battle for amendments on presidential succession and the 18-year-old vote. But as one politician says: "He looks like the fellow who is running for lieutenant governor." He has good financial backing and a strong professional organization.

WASHINGTON SENATOR HENRY M. ("SCOOP") JACKSON. His best asset is the clear line drawn between himself and the rest of the field. Although liberal enough on civil rights, he is a hard-liner on national defense, Viet Nam and law-and-order; he is the Democrat whom Richard Nixon wanted as his Secretary of Defense. The White House believes that he would be a tough opponent because he would cut into Nixon's



MAKEUP BEFORE TV APPEARANCE
A dream of debates.

conservative strength. But his nomination, even more than Humphrey's, might trigger a fourth-party split on the left.

OKLAHOMA SENATOR FRED HARRIS. He is preaching economic self-interest in his effort to put together an old-style populist coalition of whites and blacks among those with lower and middle incomes. The arithmetic of populism is persuasive, but it is probably easier to count such factions than to coalesce them, for enormous racial and ethnic fears would have to be overcome. Harris suffers from being little known, and to reach the masses with the kind of campaign he envisions would cost money he does not seem likely to raise.

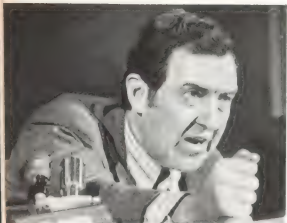
NEW YORK MAYOR JOHN LINDSAY. He has glamour and attraction for the young, blacks and other minorities. Since he just last month quit the Republican Party, his candidacy would be called opportunistic. It would most severely damage McGovern, although Lindsay's TV presence and the fact that his popularity seems to increase as he gets farther from home, could hurt Muskie in California.

EUGENE MCCARTHY. He is scouting now, will probably announce his candidacy this fall. In 1968, he had the perfect foil in L.B.J., but now the villain is Richard Nixon, and McCarthy would have to share him widely. He still has a following from his 1968 crusade, as one politician says: "There are some people who think that only they and Gene understand things." The Gallup poll of Democrats gave him the support of only 6%. A long shot for the nomination, he could lead a leftward fourth party in the November election—a move that might split the party sufficiently to ensure Nixon's re-election.

ARKANSAS CONGRESSMAN WILBUR MILLS. The power broker of the House, he is



WITH MOTHER OF JACKSON STATE VICTIM
A gentle man.



AT AIR POLLUTION HEARING
Sometimes a Vesuvian temper.

shopping around. His presidential chances are slim, but he might establish himself as broker for Southern and Border State delegations, and then bargain for second spot on the ticket.

WISCONSIN SENATOR WILLIAM PROXMIRE. He gained a measure of national recognition for leading the successful Senate fight against the supersonic transport, but otherwise lacks any broad constituency. He speaks often of the need for re-ordering priorities, cutting funds for the military and the space program in order to upgrade health and education. Proxmire believes that the economy will be the most important factor in the 1972 election and is waiting to see how Nixon's new policies fare. If he enters the April 4 primary in his home state, he may deny a victory there to any major candidate.

Measure of Cadence

Set against these personalities, Muskie is at once an unusually simple and an unusually complex man. For a politician, his public and private personalities fuse to a remarkable extent—he is what he seems, whether his mood is lofty or merely testy. Yet he is a difficult man to understand. "You don't really know Ed Muskie," says one friend. "You may think you do, or you may sense him. But you don't know him." To some he is a political platitude, espousing honesty, sincerity, hard work, independence and loyalty. But he really believes in such ideals and lives by them.

Muskie moves and works in a measured cadence—slow, methodical, studied. Says Gene Letourneau, a friend who sometimes hunts birds with him in Maine: "When Ed goes out in the woods, he is just as cautious as when he makes a big political decision. He wants to know where he's going. He always has the compass out."

His critics call such qualities indecisiveness. His staff finds the charge peculiar. They know Muskie as a tough, demanding boss with extraordinarily high standards that reflect an almost excessive decisiveness. On the draft-re-

form bill this year, for example, there were some 65 amendments in the Senate. On each one, Muskie demanded a staff memo. Adding to the burden, Muskie made a major speech on the bill that required six redrafts. He is a cool, cerebral and persistent plodder, insisting on thorough research, wary of hasty conclusions, suspicious of headline-grabbing pronouncements. Says George Mitchell, his deputy campaign director: "He's simply not a guy who will do things because someone says he should. He demands to know the reasons."

His Vesuvian temper is legendary. One of his biographers, Theo Lippman Jr., reports that "he gave us ten interviews for the book [Muskie], and in the last one, we brought up the subject of his temper. He lost his temper." The Republican National Committee, as part of its research on Muskie, has an affidavit from a Maine telephone operator swearing that during a Muskie vacation a few years ago, a telephone repairman had to go up to the Senator's cottage three times to fix a phone that had been ripped off the wall.

"He does blow his stack occasionally," says Jane Muskie, "but then it's over. It's probably a damned good reason why he doesn't have an ulcer." With all his temper, observes former Senator Albert Gore, "Muskie is a gentle man. He has a whimsical sense of humor that doesn't go over the heads of people like Adlai's sometimes did." Set against his cautious decision-making processes, his temper would be a doubtful target for his political opponents. No one who knows Muskie can imag-

ine him making a major decision in a fit of rage.

Although their characters are very different, Muskie and Nixon share some qualities. Both are ill at ease in small talk. During his trip to the Middle East and Europe last January, Muskie was obviously uncomfortable in making little toasts and speeches at the endless diplomatic receptions. Like Nixon, he relished his meetings with heads of state—Kosygin, Brandt and Anwar Sadat. Employing a Nixonian phrase, Muskie says he liked "the mental combat."

Shadow Cabinet

In part it was Muskie's caution that caused him to delay for months in reorganizing his staff, tooling it to the needs of a presidential candidate. As his campaign director, Muskie hired 42-year-old Berl Bernhard, a bright attorney who used to be staff director of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Bernhard quickly proved to be a demanding and effective organizer with a touch of humor.

It was a good choice, for Muskie is absorbed by issues and bored by the details of campaign organizing. All he requires from his manager is that operations run smoothly. But he uses his staff intensively as intellectual instruments. Twice a month, his legislative aides prepare a 30- to 40-page, single-spaced briefing book that covers major foreign and domestic events of the previous two weeks. Muskie's latest book contains a long selection on the Middle East, another on developments since Nixon's China initiative, a third on the balance of payments. Chief Legislative Assistant Dan Lewis assembles the material, indexes it and puts it into a loose-leaf notebook for Muskie's use.

Muskie has assembled a shadow Cabinet for advice and tutoring. Former Ambassador Averell Harriman, former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford and former Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Warnke brief him on foreign affairs and national security. On economics, he consults Arthur Okun and Walter Heller, from Lyndon Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers, and Pierre Rinfret, a New York-based economic consultant, who also advises Nixon on occasion. The Johnsesque cast of the group does not help Muskie's image, but Deputy Campaign Director George Mitchell insists that the Senator consults a much wider variety of specialists, whose identities have not yet leaked out.

Muskie's intelligence is tenacious rather than spectacular. Says one of his economic advisers: "What I've seen of Muskie so far, I like very much. He sits still better, listens better than Hubert Humphrey, for example. If you are talking

WITH JANE IN MOSCOW



about a quick flash of insight of the kind Jack Kennedy had all the time, none of the Democratic candidates have that. It took us a while to get Muskie to home in on the subject, but after we finally captured his attention, he was terrific."

To handle communications, especially television, Muskie has Robert Squier, who will try to re-create the success of Muskie's 1970 Election Eve broadcast. "He has a totally integrated personality for television," says Squier, who met Muskie in 1968 when he was one of Humphrey's television consultants. Squier believes that Muskie has a great advantage over the other potential candidates, except John Lindsay, in using TV. Humphrey, says Squier, "can't stop talking. He's too much, too hot for the medium. Bayh is interesting on the tube,

But money troubles have already caused two staff cuts, necessitated salary slashes among campaign workers—some simply became unpaid volunteers—and spawned hard-to-come-by loans that will have to be repaid promptly. Muskie has enlisted talented money-raisers—former Democratic National Committeeman Paul Ziffren in Los Angeles, Northeast Theater President Summer Redstone in Boston, United Artists' Arnold Picker in New York. But some major sources of Democratic campaign funds are still wary. "These guys," says a Muskie agent, "want to make investments, not contributions." They want a sure winner. Not until the fall and winter, if Muskie remains high in the opinion polls as the primaries approach, will some checkbooks begin opening.

Muskie's men are trying to set up or-

thing that requires management," he says. "We have doubts about whether we can manage our welfare program, manage our environmental problems, manage our city problems. This is a rather traumatic American doubt. In the area of management, we have always felt that we surpassed other peoples, and now we are not so sure of it any more."

The Marciszewskis

It is characteristic of Muskie to emphasize expertise rather than ideology. His Maine background enforced a sense of the practical. The son of a Polish immigrant tailor who anglicized the family name from Marciszewski, Muskie grew up in the mill town of Rumford, fifty miles from the sea. Rumford is not part of the Maine that Americans

JOHN LINDSAY

HENRY JACKSON

GEORGE MCGOVERN

WILLIAM PROXMIRE

WILBUR MILLS



FRED HARRIS

BIRCH BAYH

TED KENNEDY

EUGENE MCCARTHY

HUBERT HUMPHREY

but it is difficult to find 45 consecutive seconds of Bayh that make sense. Jackson is not good on television and neither is McGovern. Harris may be the best of the lot, but his personal appearance is not good. He has to lose about 30 pounds. Now he comes across as a big, toady frog."

Squier likes to look past the convention to the general election. "I'll tell you what I dream about," he says. "I dream about Muskie-Nixon debates. I don't say that television can win it for Muskie, but I do think Muskie can win it on television."

The Money Thing

A principal problem now is raising the \$1,000,000 that Muskie will need to sustain and build his operation before the New Hampshire primary. Muskie dislikes rattling the tin cup. When the subject comes up, he grumbles: "This money thing—my God."

ganzations in all of the primary states. They want to be ready for a campaign in any one of the 23, although they know that entering all of them would cost a preposterous \$12 million. They also know that as the campaign gathers momentum, all the other candidates are going to be gunning for the front runner, trying to knock him out in states where they think they can beat him.

Muskie will present himself to voters as a healer and a unifier—striking the same "bring us together" theme that Richard Nixon sounded in his Inaugural Address. "I think the country wants to believe in itself again," says Muskie, "not only in its purpose or moral values, but also its quality to achieve whatever it sets as a national goal." He uses the word manage repeatedly, suggesting that besides suffering from racial and ideological ills, the nation has become rather incompetent. "We're not even sure we can manage ourselves or do any-

see on postcards or during holidays. It lies in the sometimes impoverished wood country, among the mills that are at the heart of Maine's economy. Muskie's mother still lives there in a ramshackle neighborhood.

If his boyhood was somewhat straitened, it was not particularly deprived or, as some biographers claim, deeply clouded by bigotries against "Polacks." Muskie took some heckling as a Polish child in predominantly French-Canadian Rumford, but it was nothing traumatic. Like the Muskies, the other townspeople were largely Roman Catholic. Muskie was an earnest student, and was popular enough in high school to become president of the student council. He joined the debating squad and the basketball team—as a substitute. At Maine's Bates College, working his way through, Muskie was elected class president and graduated *cum laude*. His grades were equally good at Cornell Law School,



IN ENSIGN'S UNIFORM

where he graduated *cum laude* in 1939.

After Navy duty in the Atlantic and the Pacific during World War II, Muskie returned to practice law in Waterville. In 1948 he married Jane Gray, a bookkeeper, salesgirl and occasional model in a local fashion shop. Attracted by the New Deal, Muskie had joined the Maine Democratic Party and successfully run for the state legislature in 1946. Democrats were such a novelty that he soon became the Democratic house floor leader. In 1954 he was elected Governor, partly because thousands of down-Easters were simply looking for an alternative to granitic Republicanism.

In an effort to attract new income and jobs to the state, Muskie formed the Industrial Development Agency, which in subsequent years has become a villain to environmentalists. Otherwise, he earned a reputation as a progressive Governor and rapidly became the state's most popular personality. In 1958, after two terms in the Governor's mansion, Muskie ran for the Senate against the incumbent, Frederick Payne, who had had the bad luck to be involved in the Bernard Goldfine scandal.

"Mr. Clean"

In his 13 years in the Senate, Muskie has become known for his thoroughness and competence. "He is the best of us all," says Montana's Senator Lee Metcalf. "If I rated all Senators on a scale of 100, Muskie would be first." As a legislator, Muskie has probably made his greatest impact in promoting environment-protection bills, even before ecology became a crusade. As chairman of the Air and Water Pollution Subcommittee, he wrote the 1963 Clean Air Act, the initial major federal statute aimed at curbing air pollution. It was the first of a series of antipollution bills whose authorship earned him the title "Mr. Clean." In 1965 he wrote the Water Quality Act, establishing the federal Water Pollution Control Administration and creating a water quality standards program.



THE MUSKIES IN MAINE BEFORE 1970 ELECTIONS*

Although Muskie is the acknowledged Senate authority on environment legislation, Ralph Nader's raiders last year issued an air-pollution report that sharply criticized his 1967 clean-air amendments for establishing regional instead of national air-quality standards. "Muskie," said the Nader paper, "has never seemed inclined (either politically or temperamentally) toward taking a tough stand against private industry." The findings were accurate in some ways but unfair to Muskie in others. Even the raiders conceded that in 1967 Congress would not have approved national emission standards. Muskie's proposals have steadily gotten tougher as public concern over pollution has made stronger laws possible.

Voting Record

There is one area in which Muskie has been lenient on industry. On the issue of free trade v. protectionism, he has generally been a mild protectionist, reflecting his Maine constituents' fears of foreign competition in the shoe and textile industries. Otherwise, Muskie's voting record in the Senate is far more liberal than his current centrist image would suggest. Americans for Democratic Action gave him a 91% "right" grade on the last session; Kennedy, Bayh and McGovern all scored less than 90%. The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s COPE (Committee on Political Education) scoreboard from 1959 to 1970 gave him 60 "right" votes and only two "wrong"—a pro-labor record matched or surpassed by only eight other Senators.

On questions of civil liberties, his record is equally liberal. He denounced the Nixon Administration's District crime bill, with its no-knock and preventive-detention provisions. He has attacked the FBI for its surveillance of an Earth Day rally he addressed last year.

* In front row: Wife Jane, Grandson Ethan Allen and Muskie. Rear: Ernest, Ellen, Edmund Jr., Martha, Melinda, Stephen and his wife Alex.



WITH JAYNE MANSFIELD (1956)
AT AGE EIGHT (RIGHT) WITH SIBLINGS





HUNTING GESE IN MARYLAND



AS FRESHMAN AT BATES COLLEGE



WEDDING DAY, 1948

years here who has been able to change a large number of votes to get a certain piece of legislation through."

His record on Viet Nam, however, is a liability in the eyes of many Democrats, especially those who tried to get the 1968 Democratic platform committee to adopt a strong antiwar plank. In January of 1968, Muskie wrote a private letter to L.B.J. urging a bombing halt as a step toward a negotiated settlement. Seven months later he defended the President's policy by supporting the convention's majority plank on Viet Nam, which leaves him open now to a charge of political expediency. Muskie tries to minimize the zeal with which he backed the plank.

Since Viet Nam is no longer the political issue that it was, voters may not be much bothered by the fact that Muskie did not oppose the war earlier. Besides, he was hardly alone. It was, one close associate says, "a case of Muskie not trusting his basic instincts. He sensed something was deeply wrong, but it was another case of his feeling he didn't have enough facts. In the future, he will trust his own instincts to a greater degree."

The Last Vacation

Muskie and his growing family occupy a colonial house in suburban Bethesda. A light drinker who likes an occasional Manhattan or martini, he avoids the Washington cocktail circuit, preferring to entertain small groups of neighbors at dinner. Among his best friends is Michigan's Senator Philip Hart, and the Harts are frequent dinner guests.

Muskie likes to read at least two hours a day—mostly committee reports, although he recently found time for *Future Shock* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. But the campaign increasingly encroaches. He is an amateur photographer with a taste for artistic shots, like dew on a cobweb. He takes his Roman Catholic religion seriously, and his staff has learned that a sure way to infuriate him is to make up a schedule

that does not include time for Sunday Mass. He is an old-fashioned, even Victorian father, although not a strict disciplinarian. "I can remember being spanked only two times," says his oldest son Steve, now 22.

For four weeks before Labor Day, Muskie sequestered himself and his family in his rambling house at Kennebunk Beach. It was probably the last real vacation he will enjoy until after the Democratic Convention, and Muskie savored it. He would rise at 6 for a swim in the icy Atlantic, then jog back through the coastal fog. Then he would light a fire in the fireplace and read until lunchtime. After eating, he would slip through a hole in the hedge to the next-door Webhannet Golf Club, where he would play what a friend calls "medicare golf." Muskie broke his back in a fall 18 years ago while fixing up his house in Maine. As a result, his golf swing is awkward. Still, in an intense, flailing exercise, he somehow manages to shoot in the mid-90s. One of the first times he played, he shot a hole-in-one, and he has been trying ever since to regain that glory.

What Edmund Muskie is now attempting politically is surely as difficult. His role as front runner is working quietly in his favor, and he has none of the slickness and insincerity associated with many politicians. But there is a real danger in his candidity: he could become vaguely boring. An Olympian independence, a Lincolnian candor can become dull in the unpredictable psychology of a long campaign.

Muskie's moral href, his air of personal and political authenticity could be effective against Richard Nixon in the general election. The question now is whether Muskie will survive that long, or be eliminated in one of the primaries or at the convention. His campaign has, like the candidate himself, a certain steadiness, equilibrium rather than passion. Whether it is enough to be the sober centrist in a divided party remains to be seen, as does Muskie's capacity to adapt, grow and learn now that the race is beginning in earnest.

Muskie has joined in proposing a special White House office on drug abuse and a program that would spend \$340 million—nearly double the present federal expenditure—to establish local treatment centers for drug addicts. He can also count legislative contributions over the years in housing, urban affairs, revenue sharing and welfare reform.

In 1966 Muskie saved L.B.J.'s Model Cities program from Senate defeat by an exercise of homespun eloquence. The bill passed by a surprising 53-22 majority. Says Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield: "Senator Muskie is the only Senator I've known in my 19



MURPHY

The breakdown is total.

CRIME

Taking Dirty Money

For New York City's finest it was one of their busiest weeks. No sudden summer crime wave was bothering the men in blue. They were trying to cope with something more disconcerting: the biggest shake-up the police department has known in more than 20 years. Commissioner Patrick Murphy had heads rolling with considerable speed. A month ago he removed the top two officials of the narcotics division and transferred 16 other commanders. Last week he demoted two inspectors and removed six precinct captains. He replaced the high-ranking chief of patrol with Inspector Donald Cawley, who was promoted past 72 others with more seniority. He reached out of the city to appoint a former chief of police from Long Island to head a new criminal-justice bureau. A wave of resentment swept through the station houses: Edward J. Kiernan, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, accused Murphy of "the systematic destruction of the finest police department in the world."

Murphy acted because evidence of po-

lice corruption had grown too massive to ignore. Two separate investigations—one by the State Commission of Investigation, the other by the city's Knapp Commission—had turned up more than a few "bad apples," as the police like to describe their erring members. Elite units like the narcotics squad were reputed to be filled with men who were pushing drugs instead of trying to stop their spread. It had become frequent practice for a patrolman to turn in part of the narcotics he had picked up in a raid and keep the other part to be sold. In one instance a patrolman arrested a pusher on the street, while a detective seized the opportunity to burglarize the pusher's home. In another case two cops supplied heroin to an addict until her horrified boyfriend went to the commissioner's office. One of the cops pleaded guilty and was sentenced to a year in jail; the other was merely dismissed from the force.

Personality Conflict. A cop who was not on the take was expected not to inform on fellow officers. The normal procedure would be for him to tell his superior officer that he had a "personality conflict" with his partner; the pair would then be reassigned while the shakedowns continued uninterrupted. The honest cop who did turn in another member of the force might be putting his own life in danger—and no action was likely to be taken against the offender. In an interim report issued last July, the Knapp Commission said that the "rookie who comes into the department is faced with the situation where it is easier for him to become corrupt than to remain honest."

The Lindsay administration was slow to react. Four years ago, Sergeant David Durk and Patrolman Frank Serpico went to city hall with names and dates on how cops were being paid off. Lindsay would not see them for fear of undermining his police commissioner, Howard Leary. An aide explained that the mayor was worried about the approaching hot summer and did not want to do anything to antagonize the police.

In desperation, Serpico, Durk and a group of other officers went to the New York Times last year to tell their story. The editors were impressed and decided to publish it. Once public pressure began to build up, the mayor appointed the Knapp Commission, which got its initial information from the men Lindsay refused to meet. The commission rapped Lindsay for being partly to blame for the corruption and charged that Leary, who resigned as commissioner last September, has a "lot to answer for in failing to provide leadership in the field."

Murphy was named

commissioner eleven months ago to clean up the mess. He has the credentials for the job. After serving on the force in New York City, he became police chief of Syracuse, then director of public safety in Washington, D.C., and most recently police commissioner in Detroit. Looking more like a college professor than a cop, he has a B.A. in social studies and a master's degree in public administration. For all his experience and training, he is appalled by the extent of the corruption. "There has been a total breakdown of discipline," he says. "When I was a cop in New York, narcotics payments were anathema. Oh, you'd hear talk of it in the locker room, but it was scorned." Today, many cops are just as willing to take "dirty" money from drugs as they are to receive "clean" payoffs from gambling. While gambling shakedowns bring the police an estimated \$7,000,000 to



CAWLEY

The temptation is terrific.

\$12 million a year, according to joint state legislative committee estimates, narcotics operations are many times as profitable. "The temptation for cops in narcotics these days is terrific," says Murphy. "The money is everywhere. Fortunes are being made. It's not just the Mob that is involved now. Everyone is in it."

He is particularly worried about the younger men on the force. "Within the department there is a real generation gap. Many younger men don't have the respect for the job that the older men raised in the Depression had. To them the job is simply a way to make a buck." In a society given to self-indulgence, where everybody seems to be demanding something for nothing, the underpaid police (\$12,350 after ten years) are asking, "Why not me?" Murphy's job is to answer that question. Somehow he must convince the police, of all people, that crime does not pay.

NEW YORK PATROLMEN DISCUSSING CAPTAIN SHAKE-UP



STYLING: KATHY AND VIKI



**These cigarette
holders can give you
a cleaner taste.**

So can this one.

A cigarette holder keeps the end of the cigarette
away from your lips.

Naturally, that gives you a clean taste.

The tip of a Parliament does the same thing.

Inside the firm shell there's a filter, recessed
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So instead of tasting the filter,
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The Parliament cigarette
holder. It does what other
holders do:

In a new kind of way.



It works like
a cigarette holder
works.

Introducing the Toyota Celica ST. (Some economy car.)

A tachometer and radial tires aren't usual on an economy car. A dash, console and shift knob, all of woodgrain, aren't very common either. Nor are hood vents and rally stripes.

But they're all on the new Toyota Celica ST. And they're all standard.

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With power that comes from a single overhead cam engine that's red-lined at 6200 rpm. And a transmission that's fully synchromeshed through all four forward gears.

The Celica has what it takes to stop, too. Front disc brakes. Also standard.

Inside, the Celica comes with an electric rear window defogger, fully-reclining bucket seats, vinyl upholstery, padded dash, wall-to-wall carpeting, an electric clock. Even an AM radio is standard.

Of course, there are a few

options. But very few. Air conditioning, stereo tape deck and AM/FM radio.

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It gets great gas mileage. About 25 mpg. It has a surprisingly small price. \$2598*. And for the most obvious reason of all. It's a Toyota.

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THE WORLD

South Viet Nam: No Longer a Choice

SOUTH Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu had remained conspicuously silent for a month. Now, accompanied by his bodyguards, he made his way to Saigon's television studios to defend before a fretful nation his decision to proceed with the presidential election next month. The election will be unusual even by Vietnamese standards: only Thieu's name will be on the ballot. Dismissing any notion of resigning to assure a fair race among equal contestants as "the act of a deserter," Thieu proposed to make the election a referendum on his popularity.

the days of the late Ngo Dinh Diem.

If Thieu had no opponents at the top, however, he did not lack for opposition, as last week's elections to the Lower House of South Viet Nam's National Assembly abundantly demonstrated. The Assembly has been corrupt—a vote cost \$180 and ardent support of a bill brought up to \$1,800—and virtually powerless, and so many candidates ran this time that the election was a cross between a popularity contest and a lottery. But the voting did reveal Thieu's growing unpopularity. Thieu had hoped to win a solid two-thirds majority in the 159-seat

and students demonstrated in Saigon after three of their number fell ill and died during military training. Outside the National Assembly, defeated Deputy Nguyen Dac Dan tried to protest what he said was a rigged election by setting himself ablaze, and might have succeeded had his friends not intervened in time. South Viet Nam's Disabled Veterans Association claimed that 39 of its members had offered to lead a revival of protest self-immolations, which were a feature of the last, fiery days of the Diem regime.

Thieu had virtually assured that he



DAN AFTER IMMOLATION ATTEMPT



THIEU IN VOTING BOOTH

A position of power and peril not seen since the days of Diem.



SAIGON BUDDHIST FLEEING TEAR GAS

The terms: "I would like to use this election to ask the people whether they still have confidence in me and my policies. If they do, I will accept another four-year term. If not, I will resign."

It was not, of course, all that simple. Thieu carefully refrained from saying just how large or small a vote would constitute an expression of confidence. And though voters could conceivably cast blank ballots as a way of showing disapproval, the President's supporters have ways of assuring desired election results (see following story). By ridding himself of all potential challengers—most notably Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky and retired General Duong Van ("Big") Minh—Thieu had placed himself in a position of power unparalleled in South Viet Nam since

house, but not even his supporters ran openly under his banner. When the returns were in, it was clear that he could only count on a majority.

Ominous Preview. The largest gains were made by the militantly antigovernment, antiwar An Quang Buddhists, whose street riots back in 1963 were a major factor in the downfall of Diem. The Buddhists, who were strong in the northern provinces, emerged from the election with 31 seats, the second biggest bloc in the House, though by no means a united one. The opposition counted 58 members in all, more than the total of Thieu's known supporters. A more ominous preview of the sort of opposition that could be mounted in the absence of a genuine presidential election came last week when Buddhists

would hold power uneasily by the tactics he used in easing his opponents out of the race—starting with his pushing through a stringent election law that eliminated his old enemy, Vice President Ky. That move in turn persuaded Big Minh to withdraw, since he had no hope of winning unless Ky drew off some of Thieu's military support. Faced with the prospect of an uncontested election and Washington's certain displeasure, Thieu blinked once. South Viet Nam's Supreme Court obligingly ruled that Ky's name would be on the ballot whether or not the Vice President ran.

Last week Thieu brusquely dropped even the appearance of a contested election, and in the process moved along the thin edge of South Vietnamese constitutional law. In a letter to the Chief

Justice of South Viet Nam's Supreme Court, Tran Van Linh, Thieu noted that Ky had refused to run and demanded a ruling on whether there was now one candidate or two. Seven of the nine Justices (two were abroad) met informally in Saigon, and agreed six to one that Ky had in effect withdrawn. Since the law had not provided for a one-man race, Chief Justice Linh gave as his "consultative opinion" that it was up to Thieu to decide on procedures. Thieu took that as authority enough to rule Ky's name off the ballot.

Slipping Strength. Why did Thieu suddenly decide to do without Ky as even a nominal opponent on the ballot? One reason could be found in the Lower House election returns. Thieu's obviously slipping strength might have encouraged Ky, whose general political stature is on the rise these days, to change his mind and mount an active campaign after all.

Thieu had an even more immediate reason for wanting to make certain that Ky would not be a candidate. Mostly because they feared that the military might eventually split along Thieu-Ky lines—with disastrous results for the country—a number of South Viet Nam's leading generals had been shaping a plan to force Ky back into the race, whether he wanted to run or not. The generals intended to put an ultimatum to Thieu and Ky: Unless Ky rejoined the campaign as an active candidate, they would halt all offensive operations against the Communists and retire their forces to defensive positions. If Thieu and Ky agreed to the generals' terms, the plan went, Thieu would be re-elected and Ky would be named Prime Minister with expanded powers, thus saving face for all concerned, including the U.S.

Slander and Insolence. None of the principals seemed to appreciate Bunker's efforts to salvage the wrecked election. The ambassador reportedly complained to newsmen that both Ky and Big Minh had told him that they would run only if the U.S. stepped in and bent the election in their favor; Minh noisily denied the story, accusing Bunker of "slander and insolence." For their part, Ky's aides said that the Vice President would go all out to destroy Thieu and "all his clique."

As for the once and future President Thieu, he moved apparently to forestall what the CIA—whose field reports have been consistently accurate in the past—at this stage estimated to be a 40% chance of a coup attempt in the coming months. He handed out promotions to 29 generals and admirals. He also decided to appoint Colonel Nguyen Khac Binh, head of South Viet Nam's CIA-like Central Intelligence Organization, to oversee the national police. Binh will thus have at his command 200,000 armed men, including, besides patrolmen and traffic cops, the much-feared secret police.

The Making of a Loser

VIENTNAMESE who trooped faithfully to the polls across South Viet Nam last week had in many cases to make choices that might have left a Uniac smoking. No fewer than 1,297 candidates were vying for 159 seats in the often ramshackle Lower House of the National Assembly. In one Saigon district, for example, voters had to sift through a sheaf of 81 ballots, each printed with a candidate's photograph and symbol, and choose five to seal in a little brown envelope, which then was dropped in a ballot box. In a number of areas, moreover, voters who wanted to register antigovernment sentiments found that balloting was not only a complex procedure but also ultimately

ror, but rather a palpable feeling of unease and fear that made it easy to persuade people not to see what they were looking at, not to hear what was said—in short, not to interfere. That atmosphere hung heavy at Dinh Binh, a tiny hamlet two miles down a mud footpath from the nearest village big enough to have a helicopter pad. At high noon, clusters of Vietnamese stood idly between the Catholic church and the school that housed the polling stations. Why was no one voting? "It's lunchtime," a national policeman explained. Reminded that the polls were to be open from 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. with no break for lunch, the cop barked into his walkie-talkie, then grunted an order. The people in



SAIGON VOTERS CHOOSING BALLOTS
Two for me, one for you.

superfluous. Except in some northern and coastal provinces that returned opposition candidates in unexpected strength, many of the polls seem to have been staffed by officials who believed strongly in what Will Rogers used to call "the old political mode of counting—two for me and one for you."

What did it all prove? Primarily that South Viet Nam's ruling politicians have imbibed only sparingly of the spirit of democracy, while adopting every trick in the free-wheeling history of American ward politics and adding some new wrinkles of their own. On election day, TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch made a tour of the Mekong Delta province of Vinh Binh, where the government seemed particularly intent on making certain that popular Opposition Deputy Ngo Cong Duc lost (TIME, Sept. 6). Rauch's report:

The most striking thing about the polling in Vinh Binh was the thoroughness with which the ground had been prepared. There was no atmosphere of ter-

ror, but rather a palpable feeling of unease and fear that made it easy to persuade people not to see what they were looking at, not to hear what was said—in short, not to interfere. That atmosphere hung heavy at Dinh Binh, a tiny hamlet two miles down a mud footpath from the nearest village big enough to have a helicopter pad. At high noon, clusters of Vietnamese stood idly between the Catholic church and the school that housed the polling stations. Why was no one voting? "It's lunchtime," a national policeman explained. Reminded that the polls were to be open from 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. with no break for lunch, the cop barked into his walkie-talkie, then grunted an order. The people in

the square lined up and began moving into the school building. "They're voting now," the policeman smiled. Inside one of the village's three polling stations, a row of men sat against the far wall clipping corners off voters' registration cards. There were stacks of cards on the table in front of them—far more cards than there were people in the room. Although the law says that voters must bring their cards with them when they come to vote and that they must take them with them when they leave, very few voters left with cards. "Security," explained the election supervisor, A Viet Cong might steal a voting card and unlawfully exercise a registered voter's franchise. "So we keep the cards in a safe place and give them out again before the presidential election," said the official.

Numerous "Readjustments." To assure an honest election, the opposition candidates were to have observers at each of Vinh Binh's 152 polling stations. Ngo Cong Duc, who has held the seat since 1967, was assigned 152



938-12



938-09



934-51



937-91



407-33



938-01



938-02



937-48



937-78



935-01



807-61



938-53



938-25



937-60



938-11



928-83



916-66



920-05



937-46



934-43



920-90



938-84



937-08



937-02



807-95



825-47



937-76



804-74



938-28



827-61



805-58

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observers, but most of them were denied credentials or were otherwise harassed, and only ten actually managed to observe anything. At one station, Duc's poll watcher was marched outside when the recounting began in earnest at 1 a.m. and forced to squat in a rice paddy while a guard held a gun over his head. Another Duc observer charged in an affidavit that he "could not look at or sign the report of the balloting. The officials took all my certification with them when they left the polls."

A Popular Forces captain said quite candidly that military leaders in the district had been called together and instructed to be ready to switch ballot boxes after the polls closed at 4 p.m. Whatever happened, it was obvious that numerous "readjustments" occurred. Tallying the vote in four villages, Duc's poll watchers counted 3,103 ballots for their man and 486 for Ton That Dong, his neo-government opponent.

That was just after the polls closed. According to Duc's observer in Hoa Thuan, one of the officials then radioed the local results—713 votes for Duc, 271 for Dong—to the village headquarters at 11 p.m. Headquarters replied that a mere radio report would not be acceptable, and that the village chief would come personally to pick up the results. At 2 a.m., when all of the observers were asleep, the local officials quietly began a recount. They finished at 3:30 a.m., and by 4 a.m. they were off to headquarters with all the voting records, all the ballots, and a brand-new total: 101 votes for Duc, 809 for Dong. The final, province-wide results showed Dong a smashing winner.

Copter from Ky. After the polls closed, we found Duc in Phu Vinh village, standing alone in front of the iron gates leading to the soccer field, where a helicopter waited to take him back to Saigon. The chopper had been provided by Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, a former air vice marshal, apparently on the grounds that any political enemy of President Thieu was a friend of his. But for the moment Duc was going nowhere: on orders of the Thieu-appointed province chief, the helicopter was surrounded by police. As children danced around him, Duc made his way to the province chief's quarters. He came out a few minutes later, followed by the local police chief, whose smile indicated that Duc would have no trouble getting to Saigon now. Duc walked back, the gates opened, and the police formed a mocking honor guard on either side of the path to the chopper. "I can't go back to Vinh Binh," Duc said later, "or I'll be arrested."

Duc claims the Vinh Binh-style shenanigans went on in at least ten of Viet Nam's 44 provinces, and he promises to go to court to try to get the election invalidated. That may not be so easy, since the government denied after the election that Duc had been a candidate at all, claiming that he had withdrawn before the polling day.

INDIA Return of the Toddy Tappers

The toddy tappers of Tamil Nadu triumphed last week after 23 years of temperance. Toddy is a potent and pungent Indian drink fermented from palm sap, traditionally collected by tappers who scamper daily to treecrops to retrieve earthenware pots filled with sap tapped from the trees. But toddy tapping became a near-forgotten craft after 1948, when Tamil Nadu responded to a plea by Mohandas Gandhi to save Indians—and their pay envelopes—from toddy.

Last week Tamil Nadu suspended prohibition, and toddy shops were licensed to brew the potton again. But after so long a time, they could round up few able tappers. Those who remained took advantage of the situation, demanding, and getting, daily wage increases of from 41¢ to \$1.33. They also received such unheard-of fringe benefits as salary advances, insurance, medical care,

Rahu,* who occasionally punishes unseemly conduct by destroying a man's wisdom, money or children. Business picked up later, however, and in Madras alone 150 drunks had been arrested by nightfall. That pointed up another worry. Too much tipping could wreck the state's principal industry: movies in the Tamil dialect. Since no one else understands them, Tamil movies are shown over and over to local viewers, who are often so taken with the actors, plot or music that they come back a third or fourth time. The problem now is, will the movie audiences remain as faithful when they have toddy shops to go to instead?

BERLIN End of the Short Fuse

The signing of a preliminary agreement on Berlin last week was the most important step toward *détente* in Europe since the Austrian Peace Treaty of 1955. One by one, the ambassadors of the U.S., Britain, France and the



BIG FOUR AMBASSADORS AT SIGNING CEREMONY
"All's well that ends well."

brick houses to live in instead of mud and straw huts, and profit sharing.

Tamil Nadu's chief minister, Muthuvel Karunanidhi, a teetotaler himself, was obviously irked when legislative assembly members greeted his decision with cheers. The move had been more or less forced upon him. As Karunanidhi metaphorically put it, the state had become "a gem of camphor surviving unlit in the midst of the flaming tongues of a hoop of fire"—meaning that thirsty Tamils had only to drive to adjoining Pondicherry, Mysore, Kerala or Andhra Pradesh for a drink. There was also an overriding economic reason for repeal. The state faces an \$80 million budget deficit. Toddy will bring in an estimated \$35 million from taxes and licenses.

Repeal started slowly last week because the first 90 minutes that toddy shops were allowed to open conflicted with the ascendancy of the demon

Soviet Union entered the palatial Allied Control building in West Berlin, once the seat of the Prussian High Court. Then, seated at a long oak table, each man signed his name no fewer than twelve times. U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Rush welcomed the agreement "as a sign of the Soviet Union's desire to move from confrontation to negotiation." Soviet Ambassador Pyotr Abramov threw out his hands and shouted: "All's well that ends well!"

And so, apparently, it had. After 17

* A tippler himself, Rahu stole and sipped the nectar of immortality. As punishment, he was snipped in two by Vishnu. The sun and the moon tattled on Rahu; he still tries to retaliate by swallowing them. Sometimes he does, causing eclipses, but they always slip through his throat.

† From left: France's Jean Sauvagnargues, Britain's Sir Roger Jackling, the Soviet Union's Pyotr Abramov, the U.S.'s Kenneth Rush.

From your Henry VIII, with the wandering eye.
From Caruso, off key, in the shower.
From Rip Van Winkle after dinners.
For never minding.
You've succeeded in being all the women in my life.



Diamonds make a gift of love.

A gift of diamonds could really treasure. Your promise ring, then, you'll find exciting prices from about \$200.
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THE SHINY FUTURE OF ALUMINUM

Aluminum consumption almost doubled in the last decade. To meet demand, U.S. aluminum production rose from 2-million tons in 1960 to 3.8-million tons in 1969. (Department of Commerce figures.)

Future prospects? To meet demand in the next ten years, production will virtually double again, according to a study by Bureau of Mines. It forecasts a 97.6 percent rise in production in 1981.

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months of negotiations, the ambassadors had produced an agreement marking the end of a quarter-century in which Berlin has stood as a symbol and focal point of hostility between the Soviet Union and the West. The most important gain for the West was a Soviet guarantee of free and "unimpeded" travel along the *Autobahnen*, rail lines and waterways that separate West Berlin from West Germany (TIME, Sept. 6). The Soviets promised to improve communications and to permit West Berliners to visit East Germany. The Soviets, in turn, won an acknowledgment that West Berlin is not a constituent part of West Germany, plus the right to open a consulate general in West Berlin.

The actual agreement was reached three weeks ago, but the week of the signing was a time of high tension. For three days, negotiators struggled with snags in the German translation of the agreement—a crucial document that will be used by East German and West German negotiators in working out details. The problems arose from the fact that the West Germans made their translation from the official English text of the treaty, while the East Germans used the Russian text. The result: a translation gap.

Ironed Out Snags. The agreement, for instance, refers to "transit traffic" between West Germany and West Berlin. The West Germans translated the phrase as "*Durchgangsverkehr*," literally, "through traffic," while the East Germans wrote it as simply "transit," which means travel between foreign countries. The Russians complained that their language did not even contain a word for *Durchgangsverkehr*. The West Germans feared that acceptance of the word "transit" without qualification would imply an admission that West Berlin was foreign to West Germany, and might even allow the East Germans to reapply traffic controls along the access routes in keeping with "international practice." Eventually such snags were ironed out.

The agreement will not go into effect until negotiators from the two Germanys and two Berlins have agreed on the last detail of how it will be implemented. At that point, there will be an even grander signing of a Berlin Protocol. But last week's agreement will accelerate the process that began last year when West German Chancellor Willy Brandt embarked on his *Ostpolitik*; it enables him now to submit to the West German Bundestag the renunciation-of-force treaties that he negotiated with Moscow and Warsaw. That in turn could lead to a state treaty between the two Germanys, opening the way for United Nations representation for each. The agreement could also hasten the advent of a European security conference, through which the Russians hope to achieve Western recognition of East Germany and of the status quo in Eastern Europe. It will also lead to negotiations for mutual and balanced force

reductions between NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations.

"There is no doubt," wrote TIME Correspondent Benjamin Cate from Berlin last week, "that the signing of the Berlin Agreement marks the close of 26 years of East-West tension over the status of West Berlin, tension that often found Americans and Russians muzzle to muzzle. To the Russians, West Berlin was not only a thorn in the Soviet side, but also a place where the West could be squeezed whenever the Kremlin so decided. It was this atmosphere that made West Berlin the short fuse to World War III in Europe. Today West Berlin has been defused. The agreement is, as Ambassador Rush said, 'an attempt to achieve a more civilized world.'"



AMBASSADOR JARRING
Rebuff at the embassy.

SWEDEN Embarrassing Award

Joyful occasions have rarely been granted Russia's great writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn. His life, like his work, is a chronicle of disaster: prison, concentration camps, exile, cancer and relentless persecution by the Soviet authorities. Still, one exhilarating moment came last year when news arrived from Stockholm that he had won the world's most prestigious literary award, the Nobel Prize. "I am thankful," he said with feeling to Per Egil Hegge, then correspondent for Oslo's *Aftenposten*, who phoned him the glad tidings in Moscow.

Hegge now reports that the Nobel prizewinner's joy was soon blighted—not so much by the leaders of the Soviet Union but by the government of democratic Sweden. In a short, explosive book, *Go-Between in Moscow*, to be published this week in Stockholm and Oslo, Hegge adds a disturbing chapter to the record of Solzhenitsyn's misfortunes. Solzhenitsyn chose Hegge to act for him

in making arrangements with the Swedish embassy for receiving the award. This was necessary because Solzhenitsyn was under constant police surveillance and the target of fierce attack in the Soviet press for having won the prize. Hegge soon realized that the Swedish embassy in Moscow viewed the choice of Solzhenitsyn as a diplomatic embarrassment. Hegge says that he was told by an embassy officer that any official dealings with the persecuted writer might endanger Swedish-Soviet relations. He calls this "a sterling example of diplomatic servility."

Cheerfully unaware that he was less than welcome, says Hegge, Solzhenitsyn requested that the Swedish embassy provide him with a formal invitation card. Without this, he thought that he might not get past the Soviet policemen ordinarily posted outside embassies. Hegge writes that when the Swedish officials heard of Solzhenitsyn's intention to visit them, they demurred: "We are not exactly begging him to come." The invitation card was refused.

Problematic Ceremony. While the Swedish embassy fretted, Solzhenitsyn decided not to go to Stockholm to receive his award from King Gustav VI Adolf of Sweden, because he feared that the Soviet government would not allow him to return to Russia. He then inquired if the Nobel Prize could be given to him at the Swedish embassy. The ambassador, Gunnar Jarring, could have acted as the King's representative. At first there seemed to be no obstacle; Jarring's predecessor in Russia had presented the prize to Soviet Physicist Lev Landau in Moscow in 1962.

Hegge says that the Swedish government refused to do the same for Solzhenitsyn. As he reports it, an embassy spokesman explained to Hegge: "We are here to maintain good relations with the Soviet state officials. A ceremony in honor of an author who is being increasingly criticized, with the authorities' obvious approval, is problematical."

Happy and Enthusiastic. Hegge describes his unenviable task of telling this to Solzhenitsyn, whom he met on a Moscow street. Writes Hegge: "Solzhenitsyn came to me very happy and enthusiastic." When told he could not receive his Nobel Prize at the Swedish Embassy, Solzhenitsyn said sadly: "It is too bad I will not get to see Jarring. I had really looked forward to meeting such a famous man."

Solzhenitsyn's friends reacted more angrily, says Hegge; they pointed out that Jarring had given an embassy dinner for the Stalinist novelist Mikhail Sholokhov when he won the prize in 1965. The offense was compounded, they felt, by the fact that Sholokhov had compared Solzhenitsyn to a "Colorado beetle" that should be "exterminated."

Hegge relates that Jarring returned on two points. He received the writer informally for 20 minutes at the embassy and agreed to send a letter from Solzhenitsyn to the Swedish Academy via diplomatic



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pouch. But Solzhenitsyn emerged, says Hegge, with the decided impression that Jarring would be unwilling to transmit his planned Nobel Prize lecture in the same manner. Solzhenitsyn had intended to spend five months writing the lecture for publication in Stockholm. Since the Soviets regularly confiscate his mail, the pouch was the only means of transmitting it. Hegge is convinced that the Swedish embassy's rebuff was one of the reasons Solzhenitsyn never completed this major literary work.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Fatal Error

The Irish Republican Army turned to a new tactic in Northern Ireland last week: indiscriminate terror directed against the civilian population. The result was appalling panic in the streets of Belfast, Northern Ireland's largest city. Forty persons were injured in a series of explosions that severely damaged the headquarters of the ruling Unionist party as well as a random selection of other targets: a clothing factory, an office building, a bacon plant. Along the border, a customs post was destroyed and a national guardsman was killed by gunfire from a speeding car. A 19-month-old girl was killed by a ricocheting bullet fired at an army patrol by a lone gunman.

All the terrorism was presumed to be the work of the militant "provisional" wing of the Irish Republican Army. Last week its estimated 200 guerrilla members in Belfast held the city of 400,000

virtually at ransom. Inevitably, the Protestant backlash began to take shape. The Ulster Special Constabulary Association, a body of 10,000 former members of the Protestant B Special police that were disbanded last year, held a mass meeting and called for the government to rearm them to protect Protestants.

Ungovernable Ulster. The I.R.A.'s growing fanaticism was underscored last week by one of its leaders, Joe Cahill, who has belonged to the I.R.A. for 27 of his 51 years (twelve of them in prison, including 7½ years for the murder, with five other men, of an Ulster policeman in 1942). Easily slipping across the border from the north, Cahill showed up in Dublin, where he told newsmen that his organization intended to shoot as many British soldiers in Northern Ireland as possible.

Cahill left Dublin by jetliner for the U.S., where he planned a five-week trip to raise money for guns and ammunition. But on arrival at New York's Kennedy Airport, he was held by U.S. immigration authorities, who canceled his visa and detained him pending a hearing this week.

The only hopeful news during a week of rising anxiety was the announcement that Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath would meet with the Irish Republic's Prime Minister John Lynch in London this week. Lynch is expected to argue that Ulster is "ungovernable" under the present system, and to ask Heath to reconsider the Northern Ireland government's internment policy, which set

off the recent round of violence. Heath in turn will undoubtedly solicit Lynch's help in shutting off the flow of I.R.A. terrorists across the Eire-Ulster border—an ultimately impossible job for either London or Dublin. Last week the border itself figured in at least three serious incidents, one of which started with a British soldier's fatal error. TIME Correspondent John Shaw visited the frontier and sent this report:

Gaelic Sign. The 2,400 British troops trying to police the border have an almost impossible assignment. The frontier has no fences, no minefields, no walls, no guard towers. Officials are not even sure how long it is: their published estimates range from 250 to 303 miles. Twenty roads cross the frontier at authorized transit points, marked by British and Irish customs posts. An additional 160 "unapproved" roads also cross the border; passage along



them is forbidden, but they are widely used for transporting everything from guns to butter, from whisky to gelignite. On the other hand, British troops have, by their own admission, strayed accidentally across the border 30 times in the past two years.

Last week, two British Ferret scout cars, each manned by a corporal, set off down an "unapproved" road south of the border village of Crossmaglen. Suddenly, when they saw a Gaelic sign on a schoolhouse, they realized they had gone too far. Turning swiftly back through the hamlet of Courbane, they found the narrow lane blocked by a minibus and a crowd of jeering youths who poured gasoline over one of the scout cars. Moments later, as the vehicle blazed, a corporal scrambled out and jumped quickly into the other car. Finally, after 30 minutes of agonized waiting, the soldiers warned the crowd, "Move or we'll shoot," and managed to escape for the moment.

After driving north for some 300 yards, the two corporals stopped and climbed out to repair their tires, which had been punctured by barbed wire. They did not know that they were still ten yards inside the Irish Republic; at that place, the border is marked only by a stream winding through the tussocky green fields and pastures. Their ignorance was fatal. I.R.A. gunmen lying in ambush in the hedgerows opened fire. One corporal was killed and the other seriously wounded.

"It was a bad business," said a farmer whose property straddles the border. "If I had known it was going to come to shooting, I would have told those two boys to drive on another little road." Such sentiments, however, are not common in the region. Irish troops and police were seen—and photographed—near the ambush site, but they did nothing. The I.R.A. congratulated the local villagers for "their courageous resistance to foreign occupation troops."



BRITISH SOLDIERS NEAR BOMBED BUILDING
Targets of random terrorism.

MIDDLE EAST

The Federated Arabs

Under a scorching sun in Tripoli last week, Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi beamed as troops equipped with Soviet rocket launchers and Czech armored personnel carriers paraded past his reviewing stand. Overhead, eight French-made Mirage jets zoomed by. Gaddafi, a lean, intense Arab zealot of 29, was understandably pleased. The parade not only marked the second anniversary of his rise to power; it also celebrated the establishment of a new Federation of Arab Republics, which Gaddafi had been instrumental in founding.

One Flag, One Anthem. The federation will link the 43 million people of Libya, Egypt and Syria. The three nations will have one flag, one national anthem and a federal superstructure, probably located in Cairo. Eventually the federation is supposed to have a common legislature, military command and foreign policy. Later, when the Sudan has settled some internal problems resulting from an unsuccessful coup against President Jaafar Numeiry last July, it and its 15 million people will also join the federation. But each country is to retain its full sovereignty.

Gaddafi has pushed for a union of Arab socialist states almost since he overthrew Libya's King Idris two years ago. He has given money lavishly to the other nations, drawing on Libyan oil revenues, which now reach \$2 billion annually. What Gaddafi got for his money is still uncertain. The last union between Egypt and Syria, which lasted from 1958 to 1961, ended unhappily because Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser dominated it. Even Arabs doubt, therefore, that the new union will ever become absolute.

Anticoup Insurance. The federation will have one aspect useful to all concerned. Its constitution provides that any two of the states can intervene militarily to maintain the status quo in the third. That at least gives anticoup insurance to the regimes of Gaddafi, Egypt's Anwar Sadat and Syrian President Hafez Assad. In effect the federation is a union of leaders rather than of people.

To make it seem more democratic, the three rulers sent their voters to the polls last week in a rubber-stamp referendum in which 98% approved of the new arrangement. Gaddafi, the most junior but the noisiest partner, told his Libyans: "As you march to the polls today, you march to Golan and the West Bank, to the mosque of Al-Aqsa and to Jerusalem." But the federation is not expected to alter the military balance in the Middle East. Unlike Libya, the other two partners face Israeli guns across cease-fire lines; then, too, Egypt's Sadat has indicated that he still wants a negotiated peace. As a result, the first rift in the new union may well occur if Gaddafi sounds a battle call and his partners, with understandable reluctance, refuse to heed it.



JA'BARI & DAYAN IN TEL AVIV
A reasonable rallying point.

The Third Way

"Huda Mussa Dayan!" (That is Moshe Dayan!) is a cry heard frequently these days in Arab territories occupied by Israel. As Defense Minister, Dayan is responsible for the military government of the territories and he devotes nearly half his time to the task. Last week he was in Gaza supervising a search for terrorists. The week before, he dropped into Bethlehem to listen to the complaints of 50 Arab notables. Mostly, they wanted more electricity and water and better hospitals. But one elder with a somewhat larger subject on his mind asked for the return of Arab property lost in the 1948 Arab-Israeli war. "My friend," said Dayan, "I am a busy man and have no time to listen to history. I am here to help you with the problems of today."

Muted Views. Such problems are also uppermost in the minds of the 600,000 West Bank Arabs who have been under Israeli occupation since 1967. Following the Six-Day War, these Arabs split mainly into two groups: those who sympathized with the fedayeen, and those who saw their future tied to Jordan and King Hussein. Since Hussein's troops put down the fedayeen last fall, both views have been muted; the fedayeen were discredited because they proved to be impotent, and the King lost support because of the ruthlessness with which his men treated the Palestinians. That left the way open for a third view that neatly coincides with Dayan's own—that the most practical course for the Arabs living in the occupied territories lies in cooperation with Israel.

So far the most notable Arab spokesman for that point of view is Sheikh Mohammed Ali Ja'bari, 67, a former minister in the Jordanian government and

Hebron's mayor since 1940. Ja'bari led the movement for the union of the West Bank with Jordan after Palestine was partitioned in 1948. Militant Arabs, however, also recall that he greeted the Israeli army at Hebron in 1967 (the later explained in a letter to Hussein that he was trying to forestall Israeli vengeance). Since then, Ja'bari has become a favorite of Dayan, who calls him "The Wise One" and welcomed him to Tel Aviv when the Sheikh paid an official call two weeks ago. Ja'bari, the first West Bank official to make such a visit, was the guest of Tel Aviv Mayor Yehoshua Rabinowitz.

Ultimate Goal. The mayor's attitude of cooperation has already brought practical benefits to the West Bank. The Israelis allowed Ja'bari to organize a meeting last month of 23 mayors and village headmen to draw up an appeal against a call by Lebanon for an Arab League boycott of West Bank fruits, vegetables and manufactured goods on the grounds that Israeli goods are mixed with the Arab products. The meeting was the first such gathering in four years of occupation, and the group was under strict orders not to discuss politics; they agreed to send a delegation to the Arab League.

Ja'bari would now like to hold another meeting of West Bank leaders at which politics would be on the agenda, and Dayan has offered no objections. So far, however, Ja'bari has been unable to gather a quorum. Some Arabs are still reluctant, and the guerrillas have invoked their own ban on political discussion and warned West Bank leaders against becoming involved. Whether the fedayeen could carry out such threats is debatable, but the warning apparently served its purpose.

Ja'bari's ultimate goal is an end to

Israeli military occupation. In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Marlin Levin he proposed that the occupation be followed by "self-determination," both for the West Bank and for the Israeli-held Arab sector of Jerusalem, which Hussein hopes to make the subject of a United Nations Security Council debate this fall. Ja'bari wants U.N. supervision of the territories for five years, after which "the people would determine their status." That might take the form of local Arab autonomy, with foreign affairs and defense left in Israel's hand. Ja'bari's ideas hardly coincide with those of the Israeli government, which strongly opposes any U.N. presence. But at least it provides a reasonable rallying point for the emerging moderate leadership among West Bank Arabs.

litical purpose of showing modern Turks the decadence of the old regime, is to continue indefinitely.

In the Eye, The palace houses the famed Topkapi jewels, long a must for tourists in present-day Istanbul, but the principal sight will be the intricate maze of grandly decorated apartments. They include the gilded, rococo Hall of the Sultan, where reigning monarchs reclined on a brocade couch to watch dancing girls perform. Near by are the royal baths, which featured marble floors, golden faucets and slave girls to assist the sultan in his bath. Then there are the gilded and inlaid bedchambers.

The sultans were understandably finicky about their companions. Concubines to whom they tossed a preliminary

age safe from almost any danger—or knowledge of the outside world. On occasion, an aggressive mother still managed to send an executioner—traditionally a deaf-mute eunuch—into the Cage to strangle her son's rivals.

The Great Harem was abandoned in 1909 when one of the last of the Ottoman sultans, Abdul Hamid, was exiled to Salonika with a few of his favorites: 370 concubines, old or second-rate by the Sultan's standards, and 127 eunuchs were set free. Now the Turkish Ministry of Culture is planning to make Topkapi Palace the focus of a "cultural revolution" featuring concerts, poetry recitals, ballet and re-enactments by the National Theater of the tragedy of Ibrahim the Mad.

CUBA

End of the Freedom Flights

Anyone who has seen Cuban refugees literally kissing U.S. soil as they disembark from one of the twice-daily flights between Cuba and Miami is not likely soon to forget the sight. Since 1965, the "freedom flights," as they have come to be called, have brought 245,805 Cubans to live in the U.S. Last week, the 2,879th such flight landed in Miami with 85 passengers—the last of the refugees, at least for a while. The Cuban government informed the U.S. that it was suspending the flights for a few weeks to work out a final list of only 1,000 refugees. After they have been flown out, the flights would end.

The decision may leave stranded thousands of Cubans who have had to give up their jobs and property to apply for a flight to the U.S. The Cuban government gave no reason for its decision, but there seemed no lack of possible causes. One theory had it that Premier Fidel Castro had got rid of all the opponents he wanted to see depart. Another was that the Soviet Union was displeased with the exodus because it gave Communism a black eye. Cuba might also have been concerned that the airlift was creating a "brain drain" of skilled and professional workers. But a more immediately compelling theory centered around the fact that four Cuban athletes had defected during the recent Pan-American Games in Cali, Colombia, a defection that Castro charged had been instigated by the U.S.

On the U.S. side, too, the airlift had come under mounting criticism. In June the Senate Appropriations Committee, noting that the flights had cost a total of \$4,000,000, threatened to cut off Government financing. U.S. critics also pointed out that the airlift discriminated against other Latin Americans who might want to emigrate, since the Cubans are given preference under the terms of the quota system. Canceling the airlift will likely bring an increase in derring-do attempts to cross the Florida Straits, which 14,684 Cuban adventurers have navigated since 1959 in everything from motorboats to makeshift rafts.



CONCUBINES AT LEISURE IN TURKISH HAREM (CIRCA 1885)

Sex was sometimes secondary to intrigue.

Secrets of the Harem

Ottoman sultans ruled an empire from Baghdad to Vienna for most of four centuries, but their personal lives back home in Constantinople's Great Harem of Topkapi were mainly a matter of bed and bored. One 17th-century sultan, aptly called Ibrahim the Mad, became so bored that he spent much of his time tossing gold coins to the fish in the Bosphorus alongside the Topkapi Palace. One day, harem-scare-em Ibrahim ordered his 1,001 concubines trussed, weighted and tossed into the sea—and, of course, replaced. But between fits of madness, Ibrahim and the 24 other sultans who occupied Topkapi until the 1850s turned the palace into a gem of art and architecture.

This week, after 32 years of restoration, a third of the 400 rooms of the Great Harem, which in the past were rarely seen by any but sultans, concubines and eunuchs, are to be opened as a tourist attraction. The restoration, a labor of love that also serves the po-

handkerchief of approval were known as *gözde*, literally "in the eye." The hand-holding of *gözde* who reached the canopied royal bed by way of secret passages became *ikbal*, or "bedded."

In the seraglio, however, sex was sometimes secondary to intrigue, and the queen mothers and chief eunuchs often ruled the roost as much as the rooster. Too much *ikbal* resulted in too many male heirs eligible to succeed as sultan. Aggressive siblings—or their mothers—cut down the rival candidates neatly. As soon as he was named sultan in 1595, for example, Mohammed III murdered 19 half brothers and, to be certain of obliterating all possible competition, also killed seven of his father's concubines who happened to be pregnant at the moment. This was extreme even by Topkapi ground rules.

Mohammed's successor, Ahmed I, added a new network of rooms. These became known as the Apartments of the Princes or, familiarly, the Cage. There, behind fences, male children were able to grow to manhood and even old



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THE SONY HP-610 STEREO

Transamazonia: The Last Frontier

THE noise is not yet loud enough to disturb the sloths munching on the leaves of the cecropia trees, or the river terns that wing lazily over the Amazon's mighty waters, or the secretive Indian tribes that live deep within the jungle. But along the tributaries of the world's largest river the sound is plainly discernible, like a low rumble of thunder in the distance. It is the dull, grinding roar of bulldozers cutting naked red strips through the vast Amazon rain forest.

Brazil's Transamazonian Highway, begun a year ago last week, has another three years and about 8,000 miles to go before it is finished. The \$500 million, 9,000-mile highway network will provide the first land link between Brazil's Atlantic seaboard ports of Belém and Recife and the Bolivian and Peruvian borders—and perhaps eventually the Pacific. Other roads will reach out to Surinam, French Guiana, Colombia and Venezuela to the north, and to Brazil's industrialized states in the south.

Work of the Century. Already, the first families of settlers are moving into the clearings left in the bulldozers' wake. Small backwater towns of the Amazon like Altamira and Marabá (see map) have turned overnight into construction boom towns where disputes are often settled with a gun. In gold-mining Itaituba, for instance, marijuana is literally worth its weight in gold; an ounce of one buys an ounce of the other.

Running 200 miles south of the Amazon River, and almost parallel to it, the Transamazonian Highway project is already being billed by President Emílio G. Médici's military regime as the work of the century. Not since the feverish 1950s, when former President Juscelino Kubitschek built the city of Brasília and



SETTLER'S HOUSE IN THE AMAZON

Needed: Farming families with a good credit rating and a capacity for work.

had the 1,350-mile Belém-Brasília highway carved out of the jungle, have Brazilians responded with such a display of national pride to the challenge of conquering their last natural frontier.

The challenge is born of the necessity of easing the poverty and political unrest of the Northeast, where nearly a quarter of the 30 million people live on the edge of starvation. The government's high hopes are that the highway will open up the natural wealth of the entire 2,700,000-sq.-mi. Amazon basin—an area almost the size of the continental U.S.—and provide vast new resettlement lands for 500,000 home-steaders over the next five years. Says Transport Minister Mário Andreazza: "We have to conquer Brazil completely, and this will do it. Transamazonia will be the dorsal spine of Brazil."

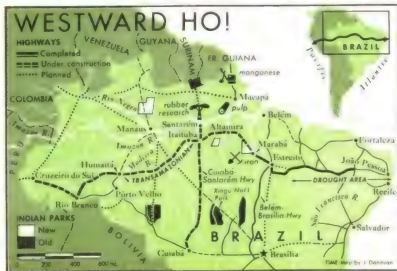
Escapist Psychology. The project is a politically popular one, at least in part because of recurrent rumors among Brazilian nationalists that the U.S. plans to take over the region for military pur-

poses, or as a home for blacks or a refuge in the event of nuclear attack. Not everyone is enthusiastic about the highway, though. For one thing, most of the money is coming from funds that had been allocated to build impressive new industrial plants in the Northeast. For another, some Brazilians fear that the highway will merely aid large U.S. companies like U.S. Steel and Union Carbide to exploit the area's mineral riches, which include the world's largest deposit of iron ore, estimated at 8 billion tons.

Brazilians have been wary of foreign exploitation ever since the British took Amazon rubber-tree seeds to Southeast Asia in 1875, which eventually ended a Brazilian rubber boom. The Amazon region has drawn little attention since, except when Henry Ford bought up 2.5 million acres in the 1920s for a rubber plantation named Fordlândia. The experiment failed, and part of Ford's plantation is now a rubber-research station.

One of Transamazonia's most outspoken critics is Economist Roberto Campos, who argues that Brazilians are "enslaved by an escapist psychology" and the emotionalism of territorial conquest. "Unfortunately," adds Campos, "the sight of famished couples with five or ten children does not appear to have drawn the President's attention to the problem of family planning"—which the Brazilian government firmly opposes. Counters Eusebio Resende, director-general of the national highway department: "Would Brazil ever have been discovered if the Portuguese government had carried out studies of the economic viability before financing Cabral's voyage? Do the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. economically justify their space flights?"

Feudal Stranglehold. As one practical benefit, the planners expect the highways to break the almost feudal stranglehold that a handful of powerful landholders known as "colonels" have long held over laborers along the Amazon. The workers have been forced to





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turn over as much as 50% of their earnings to the colonels for the privilege of picking Brazil nuts, tapping rubber or working the land. The government has expropriated a 60-mile-wide strip of land on each side of the various highways, an area that now totals 888,000 sq. mi., equivalent in size to all of Saudi Arabia. Potential colonists for this land must be poor but have a good credit rating, farming experience, a capacity for work, and a family. They are given free transportation, 250 acres, a small wooden house and loans of up to \$2,250 to improve the land.

In practice, the plan has not always worked smoothly. "We waited hungry for four months to leave Rio Grande do Norte," says João Felix de Oliveira, 30, who came to the Amazon early this year with his wife and three children. "When we finally got here, the house had holes so big in the floor you could drop your hat through them. We were nearly bitten to death by the flies in the daytime and mosquitoes at night. I heard that three men were killed by Indians down the road," added Oliveira, voicing a recurrent fear among colonists. The highway project has also brought serious inflation in its wake.

Ants and Dysentery. The 11,000 men who have signed up to hack the highway out of the oppressively hot and humid "green hell" of the jungle have hardly found the going any easier. Most of them put in twelve-hour days, seven days a week, for \$30 a month take-home pay. Food is dropped by parachute or hunted in the jungle. There are daily battles with snakes, stinging ants, swarms of African honey bees and wild animals, not to mention 100° heat and the perils of malaria and dysentery. The worst enemy, say the men, is the rain. During April, when 25 inches fell, many machines faltered and collapsed in the muck and others rolled off embankments.

There have so far been few encounters with the 8,000 or so Indians directly affected by the highways now under construction. Before the bulldozers move in, the government sends out groups of advance men to "pacify" the tribes with gifts of machetes, trinkets and clothing. Soon the bargaining includes cigarettes and *cachaça* (a powerful sugarcane liquor). All too often, part of the bargain is also civilization's diseases—tuberculosis, measles, smallpox—to which the indigenous tribes have no resistance. All of the workers are under strict orders to give the Indians anything they want. One party handed over a transistor radio and later found it riddled with arrows. The Indians had apparently become startled when they turned it on, and tried to do away with the evil spirit inside. Another group of men had their heads shaved by Indian women, who used sharp leaves for the task.

Recently, 84 Brazilian social scientists and historians signed a protest scoring the government's intention to force the Amazon tribes out of the way of the

vast redevelopment program and onto reservations. Many of the tribes that the government plans to move into reservations, the scientists charged, are hostile to each other. This, plus further contact with civilization, says the International Red Cross, is likely to be the death knell for Brazil's entire Indian population within 20 to 30 years.

Ecological Effects. Already, experts note, the estimated 2,000,000 Indians who inhabited Brazil when the Portuguese arrived in 1500 have dwindled to a mere 50,000. At one point, the government rerouted one of the highways to pass right through Xingú National Park, where 15 tribes now live. After a storm of protest, the government finally altered the park's boundaries. Three smaller reservations are also planned. But the government's attitude is best expressed by General Oscar Bandeira de Mello, head of FUNAI, the national Indian foundation charged with looking after Indian interests. "We could spend the next five or eight years in this love affair with isolated Indians," says Bandeira de Mello, "and all we would achieve would be to set back the opening of roads like the Transamazonia."

Yet another unknown raised by the Transamazonia is its effect on the ecology of the region. Scientists have worried about the effect upon world climate when the entire rain forest is cut. According to present development plans, that will probably be an accomplished fact by the middle of the next century. Another drawback is that the topsoil of the Amazon region is thin, and the jungle, contrary to popular belief, does not reclaim cleared land that has been depleted. Unless modern techniques of crop rotation and fertilization are used—techniques few of the impoverished colonists know—nutrients could be washed away a few years after the land is cleared, turning it into a desolate wasteland where only scrub brush would grow. "We honestly don't know what is going to happen if the forest is cut down," admits the agrarian-reform program's Jorge Pankov. "But when your belly is so empty that you have to steal to fill it, you're less apt to worry about altering virgin environment."



HIGHWAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION



BOOM TOWN OF ALTAMIRA (BELOW) & COLONIST WITH PALMS FOR HOUSE (ABOVE)



PEOPLE

It was one of the more unusual **Alfred Hitchcock** double features. There on a park bench alongside the Thames sat the great director himself, holding a head that was a duplicate of his own. Actually the head will be used to carry on the Hitchcock tradition of including a shot of himself in each of his pictures; it belongs to a rotund dummy "victim" that will be found floating face up on the Thames in his 55th movie, *Frenzy*.

Steal This Book is a do-it-yourself guide to revolution by Yippie **Abbie Hoffman**. It has earned hefty profits from 200,000 customers who have ignored the title and forked over \$1.95 each. But does Abbie really deserve all the loot he is getting? Not according to Tom Forcade, who charged before a counterculture kangaroo court of Manhattan radicals that Abbie owes him some \$8,500 for editing and helping publish the book. And not according to Izak Haber, who says he conceived the idea for *Steal*, did 90% of the research, wrote a 700-page manuscript that Abbie merely edited, and was promised 70% (but is getting only 22%) of the royalties. "It was a brute-force rip-off," says Haber. Abbie, who decided not to appear at the "trial," denies it all. "An unmitigated lie," he countered. "I wrote the book, it's my style, and you name me one researcher that ever got 22% of the royalties of a book."

The party in Manhattan for his 70th birthday was of the surprise variety, but **Roy Wilkins**, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, had a speech ready anyway. "Some days it's optimism, some days sheer frustration," Wilkins said in describing his 40 years with the N.A.A.C.P. "But optimism prevails. If I didn't believe it was possible for minority groups in this country to



ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A head in London.

achieve equality by using the tools within the System, I would have given up long ago." Said Toastmaster **Thurgood Marshall**, the first black man to sit on the Supreme Court: "The world is a whole lot better for what you have done, so the only toast is just 'Thank you, Roy.'"

It was "roll 'em" time on the *Young Winston* set at Swansea, and the place was crawling with make-believe Churchill. There was Simon Ward, 28, playing Winston the war correspondent, Michael Audreson, 14, portraying Churchill as a schoolboy, and **Anne Bancroft** in the role of Winston's mother, Jennie. Suddenly by the sheerest coincidence some real McCoys showed up: Member of Parliament **Winston Churchill**, grandson of the great man, and his son **Randolph** made their appearance to watch the filming of a battle scene. Commented young Randolph during a lull in the sound effects: "I suppose they have run out of caps."

Halfway round the world, in Burbank, Calif., Presidential Adviser **Henry Kissinger** took a brief vacation from his duties at the Western White House in San Clemente to visit another movie set with his children, Elizabeth, 12, and David, 10. After watching Pop Singer **Bobby Sherman** filming a new TV series called *Getting Together*, the goggle-eyed Kissinger kids breathlessly asked for his autograph.

From a marriage that ended in divorce in 1964.

She will raise the child herself, have her baptized at a Roman Catholic church in Cookstown, and has given her the name of **Roisin Elizabeth**. But Unwed Mother **Bernadette Devlin**, Ulster's flamboyant civil rights crusader, still refuses to give another name: the father of her two-week-old daughter. Not only that, Bernadette admitted, but there is little likelihood that she will marry him or anyone else. "The only persons concerned with the prospect of my getting married," she said, "are people who are considering marrying me. And at the moment I can't think of any."

In Amsterdam to lead off a seven-day European Congress for Evangelization, **Billy Graham** had only good things to say about teen-agers. "The Jesus Revolution which is taking place in America will soon spread to Europe," he promised. "It's the greatest movement the country has ever known." Having evaluated a new phenomenon, Billy turned to an older one. Putting on shabby clothes and glasses ("because I didn't want to be recognized, especially not by Americans"), he visited Amsterdam's famous red-light district. Why? "I felt the urge to tell the people there: 'Why don't you go to Jesus, where you'll find real happiness?' But I did not: I only wanted to watch what goes on there."

"Richard Nixon will probably emerge as one of the greatest Presidents the United States has ever had," said the American salesman upon his arrival in Sydney, Australia. "If everyone could have the opportunity of meeting and knowing him personally, he'd have 85% to 90% of the electorate straightaway." After that objective appraisal of his brother, **Francis Donald Nixon** revealed a little more about himself. "They call me 'Big Don.' I'm larger than Richard and one year older. I let my brother make all the public statements."

CHURCHILLS & ACTOR WARD



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THE BOOK NEEDED WRITING IS IT BIASED BECAUSE FORD WROTE IT?

To a degree—yes.

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- What you should know about axle ratios. (The right one can improve gas mileage by as much as 25%.)

And so it goes, page after informative page.

SECTION II

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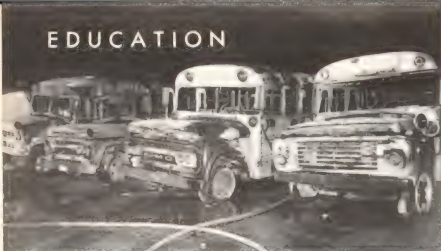
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EDUCATION



CHARRED REMAINS OF BOMBED PONTIAC, MICH., BUSES



PUPILS BUSING IN COLUMBIA, S.C.

The Buses Are Running

It is schooltime again, and across the land last week children gathered up their lunch boxes and book bags and boarded buses for school. For thousands of children in both North and South, the buses took them a good deal farther than they had ever traveled to classes before. New court-ordered busing programs were being tested in hundreds of school districts, and while there was undeniable confusion and more than a smattering of residual resentment, most classes opened in an atmosphere of relative tranquility.

The calm was perhaps a tribute more to the average American's traditional respect for the law than to firm guidance from his top lawmakers and executors. Last month President Nixon openly disavowed a busing plan for the Austin, Texas, school system that had been mapped out by Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Elliot Richardson, and warned federal officials that busing operations should be pressed only to the "minimum required by law." Last week Richardson returned from a long vacation to announce that he was in "complete agreement" with the President's stance. He also reported that Nixon was pleased by "the remarkable degree of public understanding" displayed in the South despite "court requirements that have carried desegregation much farther than anywhere else in the country."

Trouble Spots. Adding to the confusion of an already muddled issue, Chief Justice Warren Burger chose the moment to declare that the Supreme Court's *Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg* decision of last spring did not really mean what some courts seemed to think it meant—that the law required enough busing to achieve an equal racial balance in every school within a school district. Not so, said Burger, in an obiter dictum to a decision that substantiated a Winston-Salem, N.C., busing order. If federal and school officials would only read the opinion carefully, he pointed out, they would find the state-

ment that "the constitutional command to desegregate schools does not mean that every school in every community must always reflect the racial composition of the school system as a whole." By thus accentuating the negative, Burger appeared to make it even more difficult for beleaguered school authorities to implement busing plans. Said one official: "Swann was supposed to be a landmark, but it's beginning to look like more of a barrier."

Taken together, the statements by Richardson and Burger amounted to an invitation for foot-dragging on the busing issue. As it turned out, there were protests, but not all the trouble spots were in the South and not all were created by reactionary whites. Some of the most notable:

► In Alabama, Governor George Wallace continued to defy court orders. Last month the irascible Governor told a white girl to report to the predominantly white high school in her neighborhood rather than submit to busing, ordered the reopening of a junior high school in a solidly black area (it had

been closed by court decree) and in general challenged President Nixon to put his antibusing sentiments into practice. A federal court ruled "meaningless" Wallace's decision on the school reopening, so last week he rammed through the Alabama house an antibusing bill that permits parents to keep their children in neighborhood schools if they deem busing hazardous to their health. Also, in an amendment to a general appropriations bill, the school boards are forbidden the use of state funds for busing.

► In the Charlotte-Mecklenburg, N.C., school district that provided the test case for the *Swann* decision, local officials tried a perversely ingenious concept to offset the consequences of busing. Under the plan, high school seniors scheduled for busing could swap schools with classmates of their own race. This meant that a middle- or upper-class white might be able to find a poor white friend who would take his place in a predominantly black school for a price—just as some of their forebears had vent off paid substitutes to the Civil War. The plan was scotched when rumors began circulating of under-the-table payments of up to \$500 a head.

► In Pontiac, Mich., a tough factory town, ten school buses were fire-bombed in a parking lot on the eve of the opening of public schools. Despite that, the school board intends to begin busing this week, with each bus provided with a monitor (unarmed). Meanwhile, irate parents have been filing a paper snowstorm of harassment suits, charging that the buses were unsafe, and the drivers inadequately trained. They had the support of a state legislator with the Dickensian misnomer of John W. Law, who flagrantly urged parents to keep their children out of school rather than obey busing orders. The Pontiac school board warned parents that any such refusal will gain them only a subpoena to juvenile court. But a few progressive civic leaders were campaigning for busing under the slogan "Make It Work."

► In San Francisco, a form of re-



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individual made up his mind and got things moving. Such spirit of individuality is behind the work of the Northwestern and its agents.

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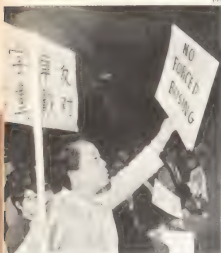


Allen Houk, senior vice president, First National Bank of Commerce; past president, New Orleans Junior Chamber of Commerce, says: "NML insurance first interested me for its obvious cost advantages. What clinched it was the expert knowledge of my Northwestern Mutual agent."



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PROTESTER IN CHINATOWN

But most tried to make it work.

verse prejudice is at work in Chinatown. Last spring the school board approved a court-ordered plan that included a provision for busing several thousand Chinese children out of their teeming ghetto. But the Chinese Parents Committee is looking for a way to block the order. Basically, they fear a further dilution of the waning sense of cultural heritage among their young. The Chinese do not want their children's sense of identity corrupted by mingling with white youngsters. Says Dr. Dennis Wong, a leader in the Chinese community: "We have a saying that it takes ten years to plant a tree and it takes 100 years to cultivate a person."

Despite these isolated difficulties, most parents, school officials and politicians seemed to be genuinely trying to carry out busing orders with a minimum of fuss and at least a modicum of good will. The moderate view of the incendiary issue of busing was probably best expressed by Governor Reubin Askew of Florida. In a speech delivered in Gainesville last week, Askew agreed that the very concept of busing was onerous. "Busing," he said, "certainly is an artificial and inadequate instrument of change. Nobody really wants it—not you, not me, not the people, not the school boards—not even the courts. Yet," Askew added, "the law demands, and rightly so, that we put an end to segregation in our society."

Dividing the Cake

For years, middle-class parents of school-age children have fled the cities to inviting suburbs, to take advantage of their superior school systems. They were better because the property was richer there, and the property taxes that support most school systems produced more money for better buildings, better teachers, better facilities. Poorer districts in the cities simply could not compete. Incomes were lower, property values were lower and there were far more

kids crowded into far less space. Even if tax rates were raised to the limit, the resulting income could not provide anything but minimal schooling.

Last week a decision by the California Supreme Court threatened to upset this long-accepted economic imbalance. In *Serrano v. Ivins Baker Priest* (who is treasurer of California), the court ruled, by a margin of 6 to 1, that the state's system of funding schools through local property taxes is unconstitutional because it violates the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause. Wrote the court: "We have determined that this funding scheme invidiously discriminates against the poor because it makes the quality of a child's education a function of the wealth of his parents and neighbors." Potentially, *Serrano v. Priest* is the most far-reaching court ruling on schooling since *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954, which held that separate public educational facilities were inherently unequal. The case will probably be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court—with consequences that no one can predict.

Challenge to the System. The decision climaxed a three-year court battle begun in the name of John Serrano Jr., a twelve-year-old pupil, by a group of Los Angeles parents who challenged the state's property-tax system. (Their suit was filed by Derrick Bell, now Harvard University's first black law professor.) The system they challenged fairly well represents the pattern of educational financing in most states. About 56% of California's school funds come from property taxes raised at the local level, while the state kicks in about 35% (most of the balance is provided by the Federal Government). That ties better than half of a school's budget directly to the tax base in its district.

As the court pointed out, the tax base in California elementary school districts, which depends on the assessed valuation of real property within their borders, ranged from a low of \$103 to a high of \$952,156. For example, it cited the disparities between the Los Angeles County districts of Baldwin Park and Beverly Hills. The lat-

ter, of course, is one of the wealthiest communities in the country, while Baldwin Park is a blue-collar, civil service suburb boxed in by industrial tax havens. According to 1968-69 figures, homeowners in Baldwin Park paid a relatively high school-tax rate of \$5.48 per \$100 of assessed property valuation, while in plush residential Beverly Hills owners were paying only \$2.38. Yet even though Baldwin Park received more state aid than Beverly Hills, each of its children got only \$577.49 worth of education that year, while their counterparts in the wealthier suburb received \$1,231.72 a head. Wrote the court: "We cannot agree that Baldwin Park residents care less about education than those in Beverly Hills solely because Baldwin Park spends less than \$600 per child while Beverly Hills spends over \$1,200."

Irrelevant Factor. The result, the court noted, is unwarranted inequity. "Affluent districts can have their cake and eat it too: they can provide a high-quality education for their children while paying lower taxes. Poor districts, by contrast, have no cake at all. To allot more educational dollars to the children of one district than to those of another merely because of the fortuitous presence of such property is to make the quality of a child's education dependent upon the location of private, commercial and industrial establishments. Surely, this is to rely on the most irrelevant of factors as the basis for educational financing."

In California, one immediate result of the decision may well be the revival of a bill—narrowly defeated last year—that would tax property uniformly throughout the state at \$3.75 per \$100 of assessed valuation and distribute the proceeds equally to schools at an estimated \$800 per pupil (Hawaii already has a statewide tax system). Elsewhere, *Serrano v. Priest* gave impetus to suits already filed in several states and stirred Assemblyman Stanley Harwood of New York to announce last week that he would make a similar challenge to "require the state to undertake the basic costs of public education."

BEVERLY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL



THE PRESS

Monday Master

As the 1972 presidential campaign heats up, so does the rhetoric of *Monday*, the Republican National Committee's eight-page weekly written primarily for 60,000 party members who contribute \$25 or more. A mixture of puffs, jabs, slurs and short news items, *Monday* is happily taking pot shots at Democratic presidential hopefuls. It quoted former Senator Eugene McCarthy: "Have you heard the latest Polish joke? It's Ed Muskie." McCarthy wrote to *Monday* denying the gag, but he did not deny another quote the weekly had attributed to him: "If Muskie had been Paul Revere, he'd have shouted during his warning ride, 'The British have been here for four days.'" *Monday* headlined one article: "Sen. Musky and the Politics of Wishy-Washiness."

When New York Mayor John Lindsay switched to the Democrats last month, *Monday* gave him a sour send-off. Lindsay, wrote Editor John Lofton Jr., 30, "left the Republican Party not because it was unresponsive to his liberalism, but because it was unresponsive to his ambition." Lofton predicted that the Lindsay switch would doom the candidacy of Senator George McGovern: "Hoping McGovern will hold on to the left-liberal youth vote in a primary contest with Lindsay is like hoping the fraternity brothers will prefer Snow White to Raquel Welch."

Lofton's tart tirades have made *Monday* lively reading in Washington for friend and foe alike. President Nixon is pleased and has told party officials, "I want that thing to hit hard." The Democratic National Committee's publications director, William Quinn, sneers that Lofton "drums up yellow journalism," but he admits that *Monday* "can generate a lot of attention. Lofton is kind of crafty. He knows what will

catch the eye of newspapers." Indeed *Monday* is often quoted by one or another of the 8,000 newspapers, radio or TV stations to which it is sent. By contrast, the Democrats' newsletter, *Faith*, has thus far attracted little attention.

Rip-on Rip-Off. *Monday* was not doing so well either, until Lofton took it over a year ago. The son of a conservative Florida lawyer, the new editor never went to college but got his higher education as a reading-room-attendant in the Library of Congress. By shrewdly publicizing the 20-odd letters he had written to Washington editors during the Goldwater campaign, Lofton got the job as editor of the Vermont *Sunday News*, owned by right-wing New Hampshire Publisher William Loeb. Three years later, Lofton went to Washington to edit the newsletter of the House Republican Campaign Committee. Since last August he has run *Monday* with the help of the Republican National Committee's research staff of 20, which hunts up Democratic gaffes he can exploit.

Last month the G.O.P.'s liberal Ripon Society pointed out that Lofton was on the masthead of *New Guard*, a newsletter that has been highly critical of certain Nixon policies. Lofton admits that the young *New Guard* conservatives are his friends, but has requested that his name be dropped from the masthead. He cites a letter from ten G.O.P. House members praising *Monday* as proof of his party loyalty. And he rips off Ripon: "I have my hands so full with the Democrats that I don't have time to respond to those so-called Republicans." The Democrats would surely attest to that.

Stock-Market Racing Form

Like most conglomerates, Media General, Inc. has been concentrating on acquisitions. It has picked up the Newark *Evening News* and four smaller papers to add to its original pair in Richmond. Now it is taking a new tack, creating rather than buying a paper. Crammed with charts and up-to-the-minute analyses of 3,250 stocks, the 72 pages of *Media General Financial Daily* consist almost entirely of figures. They amount to a sort of stock-market racing form. The price: a dollar a day.

In the past five weeks, Media General has sent sample copies to 100,000 potential Eastern Seaboard readers. Some 1,500 have signed up, and more than 50 new orders arrive each day. "If we get 25,000 subscriptions in the first year," says Media General President Alan Donnahoe, 55, "we will be doing very well."



MEDIA GENERAL'S DONNAHOE
Attacking "union tyranny."

Doing well has been a Donnahoe habit from the start. The youngest of ten children, he was forced to find work at 15 when his father died. He set type, swept floors, and ran errands for the Asheville (N.C.) *Weekly Advocate*, working 60 hours a week for \$12. In his spare time, Donnahoe studied law at home, and passed the North Carolina bar exams at 21 without a formal legal education. After moving to Richmond, he served as publicity and research director for the Chamber of Commerce there, studied the science of statistics in off hours, and soon became so expert that he was invited to lecture on the subject at the University of Richmond.

Richmond Newspapers, Inc. (*Times-Dispatch* and *News Leader*) hired him in 1950 as research director and part-time editorial writer to work alongside the noted conservative James J. Kilpatrick. Donnahoe had risen to executive vice president by 1966 when D. Tennant Bryan, the patrician third-generation publisher, decided that the papers should go public. In 1969 the corporation was renamed Media General, with Bryan as chairman and Donnahoe as president.

Fighting Strikes. Donnahoe set out on a shopping spree and bought the Tampa *Times* and *Tribune* in Florida, the Winston-Salem *Journal* and *Twin City Sentinel* in North Carolina, as well as the Newark *Evening News*. Other acquisitions included a television station in Tampa and a cable-TV system in Fredericksburg, Va. Most of Media General's properties are profitable, but labor difficulties have dogged Donnahoe in Richmond and Newark.

Printers at the Richmond papers have been on strike since March, and a Newspaper Guild strike has shut down the *Evening News* in Newark



"MONDAY" EDITOR LOFTON
Catching the eye.



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since May. Donahoe is determined not to give in to union demands. He has written several editorials praising nonstriking employees in Richmond for their "heroic publishing effort," and attacking "the overwhelming power of organized labor in this country" and "union tyranny." He kept the papers going by teaching other employees to set type. In the early days of the Richmond strike, he even pressed his wife into service as a tape puncher, and Chairman Bryan pitched in as part-time proofreader.

The Newark situation is stalemated in bitterness. One Guild official has called Donahoe a "carpetbagger out of the South," and the Guild claims that he is stalling on negotiations. Donahoe reportedly would rather sell the paper than settle on the Guild's terms.

Foeding the Need. Media General's labor troubles do not affect Donahoe's new brainchild, largely because the *Financial Daily* is probably the most automated newspaper ever produced.

Three years and more than \$2,000,000 went into its creation. When the New York financial markets close at 3:30 p.m., stock data are transmitted by tape over the Associated Press wire and fed into computers programmed with information on 8,000 companies. The computers are linked to a new cathode-ray typesetter, which composes a whole newspaper page in one minute. The *Financial Daily* is then printed between the press runs of the Richmond papers. "From the technological viewpoint," says Donahoe proudly, "we think we have the most sophisticated newspaper in the world."

Papers are flown to New York and Boston each evening in a leased DC-6 to ensure next-morning delivery in Northeastern financial centers where circulation is concentrated. If demand dictates, Donahoe will link Midwest and West Coast printing plants to his Richmond computers, and he is already planning a weekend summary edition for readers who do not need daily data.

Donahoe runs Media General as a decentralized operation, keeping in touch with his managers by telephone, driving his staff hard, and making decisions with the help of his own personal computer beside his Richmond desk. Says one executive: "Donahoe is like a computer himself where figures are involved." He demands statistics-laden reports from top subordinates, but lengthy committee meetings bore him. Incisiveness is his great strength—plus efficient speed. He leaves his Richmond office promptly at 5 p.m. almost every day and sometimes drives to a nearby country club, where he works hard at trimming a golf handicap of ten. Ever the statistician, Donahoe has even devised a new handicap system of his own. Some day he hopes to get away from his computers long enough to write a book about it.

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A high-angle, wide shot of a person running across a vast, arid landscape. The ground is a mix of reddish-brown and tan, with numerous cracks and dry, winding paths. The person is in the lower right quadrant, running towards the left. They are wearing a dark tank top and light-colored jeans. Their shadow is cast long and dark on the ground. In the background, there are some dark, silhouetted trees and a cloudy sky. The overall tone is somber and emphasizes the harshness of the environment.

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SHOW BUSINESS

Director in a Caftan

A BBC current affairs show flickers onto British TV screens. The moderator introduces Ken Russell, director of *The Devils*, and Alexander Walker, film critic of the London Evening Standard. Crickey! another of those urbanely boring panel discussions. But wait. Russell and Walker are turning red in the face, shouting at each other. Walker attacks *The Devils* for "monstrous indecency... simple-mindedness... gross harping on the physical..." Russell attacks Walker as "old-womanly... a carping critic... hysterical..." Then Russell rolls up a copy of the newspaper containing Walker's review and swats him on the head with it.

A rather excessive way for a director to reply to his critics? Perhaps. But then everything about Ken Russell is excessive, from his appetite for food and music to the caftans, Mickey Mouse shirts, canes and monocles he sometimes affects. "This is not the age of manners," he says. "This is the age of kicking people in the crotch and telling them something and getting a reaction. I want to shock people into awareness. I don't believe there's any virtue in understatement."

Especially not when he makes his movies. In 1970 there was D.H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, with its male-nude wrestling, symbolic bulls and drowned lovers. Then early this year came *The Music Lovers*, a biography of Tchaikovsky, which, as Russell describes it, is "the story of a homosexual who marries a nymphomaniac." This summer, there is *The Devils*, an account of religious hysteria in a 17th-century French town: in it, a far from celibate priest is accused of bewitching an order of nuns, and is tortured and burned alive.

The New Twigg. All of which has made Russell, at 43, the most provocative director in the business. Last week the Venice Film Festival canceled a public showing of *The Devils* in order to head off a threatened police raid, and *L'Espresso Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, denounced Russell—a Roman Catholic convert—for his "perverted marriage of sex, violence and blasphemy." Says Russell: "They miss the point totally. *The Devils* is about the way church and state worked together to condemn an innocent man. These things actually happened. The critics don't like to recognize this, and they don't like it treated as I have treated it." A few do, however. A beleaguered minority have praised Russell's imagination, powerful pictorial sense and flair for heightened drama.

While the argument rages, Russell has been busy in London editing his new film. It is an adaptation of Sandy Wilson's 1954 musical pastiche of

'20s. *The Boy Friend*, starring ex-Model Twigg, 21, in her acting debut. "A natural," says Russell. "The greatest thing to hit the screen since Monroe." Russell says the script, which he roughed out in five days as "therapy" after *The Devils*, is at once "a typical stage musical of the '20s, an homage to the great film musical fantasies and a satire on all the backstage Hollywood musicals of all time."

Russell is a throwback to the oldtime Hollywood. His plump features and lank gray locks give him the air of a cherubic monk turned hippie. It is when he loses his temper that he blazes into the autocrat of movie legend. "He's doing a Von

Russell studied dancing, became an actor, then decided that photography might offer more security. By the time he was 30 he was a successful freelancer in London. "Even then," recalls a photographer crony, "he had the Svengali effect of being able to get people to do anything."

Cleared Air. Soon he was dreaming up movies, and one of his amateur efforts landed him a job with the BBC. He made 29 films for television, mostly on creative personalities like Frederick Delius, Isadora Duncan and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Those, and others, have since been seen on public channels in the U.S. All used actors, dialogue or fantasy sequences to interpret the documented facts as Russell saw them. Some were superbly lyrical and imag-



KEN RUSSELL FILMING "THE BOY FRIEND"
A flair for heightened drama.

Stroheim again," go the whispers when he explodes over a misplaced prop or demands that costumes be sewn overnight. One long-suffering colleague, when asked what kind of childhood Russell had, rolled his eyes to the ceiling and replied: "He's having it now."

"Artists are explainable by what they produce," says Russell. Both sides of his own output—*The Devils* and *The Boy Friend*—are deeply rooted in his background. The son of a shoe- and boot-shop owner in Southampton, he was a "happy but lonely" boy who spent long hours in his favorite chestnut tree acting out stories in his head. At 17 he went to nautical college, distinguishing himself at a school musical by leading the cadets through a Carmen Miranda routine in drag. Sea life held no attractions for him, so he returned to Southampton, where he mooned about the house, painted, and discovered a passion for classical music, which he indulged by dancing naked round a blaring record player.

inative. "I think the film finally cleared the air of all the dreary, reverential, schoolmasterly treatments that the word documentary implied," says Russell.

This week, after shooting four films in two years without a break, Russell plans to take his wife Shirley and their five children and set sail on a three-week cruise to the Mediterranean. Even on vacation, though, sex, violence and fantasy will not be far from his mind. He must think about his forthcoming stage debut at Covent Garden, where he will direct a new opera by Peter Maxwell Davies about a 16th-century religious fanatic. He is also planning "a quiet little film" about Sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, a fiery iconoclast who died on a World War I battlefield. Beyond that, there is a projected film biography of Sarah Bernhardt, with Barbra Streisand cast as The Divine Sarah. However the picture turns out, insiders are already predicting that the clash of the Streisand and Russell temperaments will produce some of the best entertainment in years.

MEDICINE

Genetics for the Community

Few legacies are more lethal than Tay-Sachs disease, a rare ailment that occurs almost exclusively among Jews of Eastern European ancestry. Caused by an inherited enzyme deficiency, the disease begins to affect infants at about six months of age, causes brain deterioration, and usually kills the patient before his fifth birthday. Science has yet to discover either a cure or a treatment. But doctors at Baltimore's John F. Kennedy Institute believe that they can prevent it. In a unique experiment to bring genetics to the community,

FRANCIS DICOMANO



KABACK CONDUCTING TAY-SACHS TEST
Essential enzyme.

they are seeking to identify those who carry the deadly Tay-Sachs gene so that the birth of doomed infants can be avoided.

The Baltimore program owes its origin to several recent scientific discoveries in the field of molecular biology. One was the identification of the enzyme hexosaminidase-A, the lack of which causes Tay-Sachs disease. Another was the development of a technique for taking cells from the amniotic fluid, the clear, amber liquid in which the developing fetus floats, and analyzing the cells for the presence—or absence—of the essential enzyme. The most important step, however, was perfecting a simple blood test to identify adults who carry the defective gene but are themselves unaffected by it.

Pulpit Participation. The screening campaign is being conducted by Dr. Michael Kaback, an assistant professor of pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, and Dr. Robert Zeiger of the National Cancer Institute. Says Kaback: "A successful ge-

netic counseling program requires three things. First, the population at risk must be easily identifiable. Second, there must be a simple, inexpensive method of detecting carriers of the disease. Third, there must be a means of diagnosing the disease in utero." Many diseases meet two of the three criteria. Tay-Sachs is the only disease that meets all three.

There are more than 240,000 Jews in the Baltimore-Washington area, and the doctors decided to focus on those most likely to bear children: 80,000 people between the ages of 18 and 43. To reach and test this high-risk population, Kaback and Zeiger sought the support of local rabbis and leaders of Jewish organizations. Few refused to provide it. Rabbis took to their pulpits to inform their congregations about the disease and to urge them to participate in the experiment. Jewish women's organizations not only distributed thousands of leaflets but provided volunteers to conduct the actual screenings. "This," said Kaback, "was a program by the community for the community."

More than 1,800 people, most of them young married couples, showed up for the first screening in May at a Bethesda synagogue. Housewives handled the paperwork, while volunteer doctors, many of them interns from Johns Hopkins Hospital, drew the blood samples which were then sent to the Kennedy Institute for analysis. Since then, nearly 6,000 more people have turned out for similar sessions at community centers and religious schools. All were asked, though not required, to pay \$5 to help cover the cost of the program, which is sponsored in part by the Maryland Department of Health and Mental Hygiene. Almost all did, for the screening, even if it should lead to further testing and therapeutic abortion, is a bargain compared with the agony of having a Tay-Sachs child, to say nothing of the astronomical medical bills that accumulate before the child dies.

Chain Letter. Thus far, the screening program has produced few surprises. Kaback's team has identified individual carriers at the rate of about one in 30. Because the gene is recessive, both parents must carry it for their children to be in danger. Even if both parents do have the trait, the chances of the child getting Tay-Sachs are one in four. So far, the program has identified four couples in which both husband and wife are carriers. They will be able to avoid the experience of two women who found out about the disease the hard way. One was seven months pregnant with her second child when she was told that her first had Tay-Sachs disease. She had to worry through the remaining two months before learning that the second child had escaped the awful inheritance. When the test revealed that her third child would have Tay-Sachs

disease, she elected to have an abortion. The second mother of a Tay-Sachs child allowed herself to become pregnant again once she knew that amniotic tests could guide her decision whether to bear the child.

"Four months ago, 98% of the Jews in the Baltimore-Washington area had never even heard of Tay-Sachs disease," says Dr. Kaback. "Now, 95% know what it is." More important, a significant number are doing something about it. Not only are Baltimoreans continuing to have themselves screened for the defective gene, but, in chain-letter fashion, many of those found to carry the trait have been contacting relatives to urge that they, too, be tested.

Eventually, the Baltimore approach could be applied to other inherited hazards. Says Kaback: "There is nothing experimental about our tests. They are accurate and effective. What is experimental is the program itself. We're trying to see if we can deliver genetics—education and counseling—to a large community." As far as the Baltimore-Washington area's Jewish community is concerned, the effort is succeeding.

The New Math of Addiction

How do authorities arrive at heroin addiction figures? They count known habitual users, of course, such as those who are arrested and those who sign up for treatment programs. But such figures account for only a fraction of the addict population. To arrive at an overall estimate, officials in many cities project from the number of overdose deaths, one commonly used criterion being 200 addicts for each fatality. A new study in Washington, D.C., indicates that because some overdose deaths have gone undetected, the number of active users may be even higher than previously estimated.

Dr. Robert DuPont of Washington's Narcotics Treatment Administration reports this new math of addiction in a *New England Journal of Medicine* article. Like most major U.S. cities, Washington is experiencing an alarming heroin epidemic. The number of narcotic arrests in the city rose by 462% between 1967 and 1970; drug-related crimes, such as robbery, theft and prostitution, also increased dramatically. In 1967 a total of 21 Washingtonians were known to have succumbed to heroin overdoses, and using the ratio of 200 addicts per overdose, officials estimated the city's addict population then at 4,200. The figure for last year by that measure should have been 10,400.

But even this depressing statistic was optimistic, DuPont believes, because officials now have evidence that many overdose deaths were undetected. In July 1970 the District of Columbia coroner began including a complete drug-screening test in all autopsies performed on persons between the ages of ten and 40. Once the new procedure was

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instituted, the number of deaths attributed to drugs soared, and during the last six months of 1970, the coroner identified 42 of these deaths as resulting from overdose. This pushed the yearly overdose rate to 84 and sent the addict census climbing to 16,800.

DuPont's report may have broad implications for authorities in other U.S. cities. Officials in New York City, who base their figures heavily on police, hospital and treatment-program records rather than on the kind of screening now performed in the capital, estimate that there are 150,000 heroin addicts in the nation's largest city. Washington's experience suggests that the New York figure may be far too low.

Aid from an Ancient Animal

Though motorists who must swerve to avoid hitting them on roads throughout the Southwest may think otherwise, armadillos do have their uses. The little armored anteaters are edible, and their shells can be used to make novelty items like howls and baskets. Now it seems that these primeval-looking animals may get a role in man's efforts to cure an ancient disease. Researchers at the Gulf South Research Institute in New Iberia, La., and at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in nearby Carville believe that armadillos may be ideal test animals for leprosy research.

No species shares man's natural susceptibility to leprosy, and thus far no artificially infected animal has lived long enough for the slow-developing disease to reach the later, progressive stages in which it can be fully studied. None, that is, except armadillos. Gulf South researchers report that an armadillo infected with the leprosy bacillus has survived well into leprosy's progressive phase. They now hope to raise a whole laboratory colony of leprosy armadillos and use them to study a malady that until now has been completely observable only in humans.



GIRL SURVEYS POLLUTED LAKE LUGANO

ENVIRONMENT

Rescuing Swiss Lakes

Switzerland's travel posters and brochures still stress the majestic mountains and many lakes that over the years have lured millions of summer tourists to the tiny nation. Recently, however, there has been a subtle change in what the tourist literature portrays. While the brochures still contain scenes of happy vacationers strolling near or boating on lakes, some of them no longer show swimmers in the water. Reason: some of the most famous Swiss lakes are now badly polluted.

The once bright waters of Lake Lugano, for example, have been contaminated by the daily dumping of untreated human wastes by communities along both the Italian and Swiss shores. This spring all of the beaches on Lake Lugano's opulent Paradiso coast were closed to swimmers. As "no swimming" signs became a common sight along the shore, major Paradiso hotels rushed to complete huge lakeside pools in time for the summer invasion of tourists. During the season, the lake was empty of swimmers. Even most water skiers, whose wakes once crisscrossed the lake, stayed away.

Thirsty Pachyderms. Evidence of the fouling of Switzerland's once pure waters crops up everywhere. Health authorities in the canton of Aargau recently forbade a circus to allow its elephants to drink from the river Aar: the water was too polluted even for pachyderms, the doctors said. Lake Geneva, whose transparent water and white chalk bottom once moved poets to lyricism, is becoming clouded and dull. Industrial, agricultural and household chemicals—not to mention raw human wastes—drain uninterruptedly into the lake, where they fertilize enormous "blooms" of rust-colored algae. When these plants die, they sink and decompose, depleting oxygen supplies to such an extent that prized deep-swimming fish suffocate. "There are still transparent

waters in mountain lakes, but these are too cold for anybody to jump in," mourns the Swiss magazine *Eau-Air-Santé* (Water-Air-Health). "We are liable to witness the departure of those tourists who are anxious to live in hygienic surroundings, and thus we shall miss the precious foreign currencies."

Spurred by such pragmatic arguments, the Swiss have begun a giant cleanup campaign. They have already gone a long way toward "saving" Lake Zurich by spending \$67 million to build three-stage chemical- and sewage-treatment plants in the lake's watershed. As a result, swimming is again permitted everywhere on the lake and, says Dr. Heinz Ambühl, chief fresh-water expert of Zurich's Federal Institute of Technology, "If the water is not more blue, it is at least less brown." Current plans call for the installation of such plants in cities throughout Switzerland at a cost of \$2.5 billion—an enormous expense for a nation of 6.2 million inhabitants.

No matter how committed the Swiss are to restoring the beauty and purity of their waters, there is a limit to what they can accomplish by themselves. Geneva, Lugano and many other lakes lie on Switzerland's borders with France and Italy, which have so far shown little concern about the wastes they spew into the mountain waters.

Delaying Nuclear Power

To the dismay of environmentalists, the Atomic Energy Commission insisted for years that its jurisdiction covered only the design and the radiation dangers of nuclear power plants. Then six weeks ago, a federal court ruled that the National Environmental Policy Act required the Commission to consider the effect of such plants on the entire environment. That decision, coupled with the AEC's discovery of flaws in the standard emergency cooling system used by U.S. nuclear plants, will delay the operation of ten nearly completed nukes



ARMADILLO BEING INFECTED
Experimental leper.

(nuclear plants), 52 others under construction and 31 on the drawing boards. Last week the AEC's new policies were already affecting two communities that badly needed nuclear power: Midland, Mich., and New York City.

Partly as a result of the postponed approval of a large nuclear power plant in Midland (pop. 35,000), the Dow Chemical Co.—the city's biggest employer—announced that it intends to move one of its small chemical plants to the Gulf Coast, where electrical power is still relatively abundant and cheap. Many Midlanders jumped to the obvious conclusion that if the nukes were not quickly completed and placed in operation, Dow might shut down more of its Midland-based operations. Fearing for their jobs, they bought a full page ad in a local newspaper attacking environmentalist critics, who have questioned several aspects of the nuke. The ad's headline: "Will a Few People Destroy Our Area?"

Fish Stew. One of Midland's leading anti-reactor crusaders, Mrs. William Sinclair, nonetheless remains concerned that accidents in the plant might cause the release of dangerous radioactivity. "This is the first nuclear power plant of this size placed close to a large industrial and population center," she says. "We don't want to delay the plant, just study public-interest issues. Yet I'm now everybody's favorite villain." Last week, although it is the AEC's technical and procedural difficulties—not environmental opposition—that is causing the trouble, protesters littered Mrs. Sinclair's front yard with paper and made insulting phone calls.

New York's Consolidated Edison Co., the nation's largest investor-owned electric utility, has another problem. Its new Indian Point No. 2 nuclear power plant on the Hudson River 35 miles upstream from New York City is almost ready to ease the metropolitan area's growing power shortage. The company has urged the AEC to allow the nuke

to begin operating almost immediately, adding that it will later install whatever new environmental safeguards might be required.

The plant's critics, opposing Con Ed's request, charge that Indian Point No. 2 will wreak ecological havoc on the Hudson and decimate its fish population. They say that the company's first nuclear facility, Indian Point No. 1, has been killing striped bass, perch and other species since 1963. According to the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, the nuke was directly responsible for the death of between 310,000 and 475,000 fish in a six-week period last year alone.

While Con Ed's research indicates that its first plant has caused "biologically insignificant" damage to date, the company has actually had to shut it down on occasion to clean water intake pipes clogged with fish stew. To scare fish away from the pipes, Con Ed has unsuccessfully tried electric screens, night lights and noisemakers. What would satisfy critics of the plant is for the company to find a way not to use Hudson River water at all. But Con Ed says such a solution—if possible—would be prohibitively expensive.

Dilemma. Con Ed insists that delaying the new plant will increase its costs by at least \$4 million a month. "To impose this heavy financial burden unnecessarily," says Con Ed Chairman Charles F. Luce, "would be completely inconsistent with the national effort to combat inflation and unemployment."

The controversies in Midland and New York City point up an escalating battle that could have a marked effect on the quality of life in the U.S. Unless the growing demand for power can be met, the high standard of living made possible by a highly industrialized society may well be jeopardized. Yet if nuclear plants are allowed to proliferate without proper safeguards, their cumulative effect could produce an ecological disaster.

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POPULATION EXPLOSION: IS MAN

THE mathematics of the nightmare always makes it sound inevitable: the population of the world, which required centuries to reach 1 billion, took only 80 years to double that number, and only 41 years more to reach today's 3.7 billion. If the progression continues, it is widely and gloomily predicted by the spiritual heirs of Thomas Malthus, there will be 7 billion people standing in line for their rations in the year 2000. By 2050, perhaps 30 billion will be fighting like animals for a share of the once-green earth.

After the statistics come the Dantesque visions and the cries of moral revulsion. "We shall, in the rich countries, be surrounded by a sea of famine," warns British Novelist C.P. Snow. "Many millions of people are going to starve. We shall see them doing so upon our television sets." Even if some way can be found to feed the onrushing millions, they may still face a psychic fate similar to the one that befell Dr. John Calhoun's white mice. A psychologist at the National Institute of Mental Health in Washington, D.C., Calhoun started with eight mice in an 8½-ft.-sq. cage; within a little more than two years, they had multiplied to 2,200, but they were hardly alive—mere "passive blobs of protoplasm, frozen in a childlike trance." Summing up the sentiments of many population experts, Stanford Biologist Paul Ehrlich (who has had himself sterilized) concludes that "if we don't do something dramatic about population and environment, and do it immediately, there is just no hope that civilization will persist."

This is the famous "population explosion" that President Nixon has described as "one of the most serious challenges to human destiny." Yet it is sometimes hard to believe—at least in America—that it really exists. The nation does have its slums and traffic jams, its squalors of polluted air and water, but it can also boast mile upon mile of open land, forests and farms that stretch to the horizon. Is all this doomed by the arrival of tomorrow's children?

Population growth—1% a year in the U.S.; 2% in the world as a whole—is undeniably a problem. But despite the cries of alarm, it is considerably less clear just what the problem is, how grave it is, and what should be done about it. It does seem safe to say, though, that the great famine is by no means inevitable.

Parts of the world—the slums of great cities like New York, London and Tokyo—are obviously overcrowded. But this does not mean that the entire planet is running out of room. Although India has a major population problem, with about 570 million people crammed into 1.1 million sq. mi., Australia has more than twice that much land and only 1.740 the population. Canada, Brazil and Russia all have vast empty spaces. And although much of this space is jungle or steppe or desert, the Israelis have demonstrated in the Negev that technology and hard work can make the most inhospitable land support new settlers.

Obviously, international migrations are not a likely prospect, but even within any one nation, crowding is generally a result of the drift from rural areas to the city. Taken as a whole, the U.S. still has only 38 people per sq. mi.—scarcely one-sixth the density of Switzerland, which does not seem terribly crowded. But about 70% of all Americans

have jammed together onto 2% of the land, while half of the nation's counties lost population during the past decade.

The crowded parts of the world are, no doubt, destined to get somewhat more crowded. Nonetheless, statistics on the population explosion are something less than scientific. They are based largely on estimated birth rates in underdeveloped nations, where record keeping remains an underdeveloped art. In particular, there is the projected growth of China, which is often said to have 800 million people and to be increasing by 1,000,000 every month. The fact is, nobody really knows how many Chinese there are (the last announced census recorded 583 million back in 1953) or what the rate of increase is today. In recent years, Peking has encouraged late marriages, use of birth-control pills, sterilization and abortion. "Projections of future populations are admittedly fictions," says one of the more moderate prophets, Philip Hauser of the University of Chicago. "No one can actually predict future population, and anyone who

claims he can is either a fool or a charlatan . . . The fact that man is able to consider [the] implications is one reason why the projected numbers will never be reached."

At the heart of the population problem is a paradoxical question: Is a growing population a social disaster or a social resource? Or, to put it another way, will a larger population produce more poets or just more heroin addicts? And which of the two will prevail?

For poor, underdeveloped countries like India, more population surely means more poverty. But once a society has begun to industrialize, people themselves create wealth as they develop an increasingly elaborate exchange of goods and services. Thus both England and Germany prosper even though they have a population density greater than that of India. And the Japanese are demonstrating that the world's most thickly inhabited nation may also become its richest. Looking ahead, Professional Prophet Herman Kahn optimistically foresees a world population that will double by

2000 but a world economy that will grow fivefold.

This growing wealth is producing its own problems, of course. The U.S., with less than 6% of the world's people, already devours about 40% of its resources, and some critics blame the rich nations for the worst aspects of the population problem. Americans, for example, throw away more than 1,000,000 cars every year, plus 36 billion bottles and 58 million tons of paper. Aside from polluting the land and water, the critics say, this vast consumption threatens to strip the earth of its resources. In the rhetoric of Paul Ehrlich, "America's pride in her growing population may be compared to a cancer patient's pride in his expanding tumor."

Other experts are less gloomy. They point out that known reserves of oil and gas are larger now than two decades ago; that the age of nuclear power has barely begun; and that Americans are already learning that many materials can and should be recycled and re-used instead of simply being thrown away. Besides, although population density is an element in the pollution problem, it is hardly the only one. "Our life-style must change," says Harvard Population Expert Arthur J. Dyck. "If we stayed at 200 million, would air pollution decrease? Would other problems ease off? No. We have to change our values, our behavior."



GLOOMY PROPHET: THOMAS MALTHUS

REALLY DOOMED?

Still, there is a finite limit to the physical resources of the globe, which means, in turn, a limit to the number of people the world can support. But how many people is too many? At what point is the "optimum population" reached?

"We have already exceeded it, gentlemen; we have already exceeded it," says Dr. John H. Knowles, director of Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Ehrlich is more specific: he believes that the U.S. population should be about 25% less than at present. Stewart Udall, former Secretary of the Interior, goes even further. Without suggesting how it could be achieved, he favors a cut of about half.

More sanguine experts suggest that America's optimum population is still to be attained. Professor Donald J. Bogue, director of the University of Chicago's Community and Family Study Center, speculates that the U.S. population can be "twice what it is now without much difficulty," and that there will be even less difficulty if "the cities of this country can be greatly decentralized." Ben Wattenberg, a demography expert and former White House staffer, adds: "There is no optimum population as such. Whether we have 250 million people or 350 million people is less important than what the people, however many of them there are, decide to do about their problems."

The first of these problems is how to feed the increasing population. In the U.S., at least, food is scarcely a problem at all (except for the nation's shameful failure to find a system for feeding surpluses to the poor). On a global scale, too, the so-called "green revolution"—hybrid grains, new fertilizers—has vastly increased harvests. According to American correspondents who have recently visited China, a nation that once knew famine as a recurring torment now boasts rich crops. To be sure, the green revolution is not totally victorious, and there are many political obstacles between the agronomist and the hungry child. Nevertheless, it is estimated that the world's farmers can theoretically feed a population 40 times as large as today's.

But even if technology succeeds in providing both the food and raw materials to support a large population, some Americans worry about the probability of a basic deterioration in the affluent society that they have come to take for granted. "How will we house the next hundred million Americans?" asks President Nixon. "How will we educate and employ such a large number of people? How will we provide adequate health care when our population reaches 300 million?" Some birth-control enthusiasts want to answer with a barrage of coercive measures ranging from special taxes on any family with more than two children to sterility drugs in the public water supply. Indeed, about the only tactic they have not yet proposed is euthanasia. Mr. Nixon answered his questions with a more modest approach: a \$382 million program to encourage birth control.

Although America can theoretically support many millions more than it does now, there must be a point—400 million, 500 million perhaps—at which the increase has to stop. And partly because the alarmists' warnings have been heard, this stabilization point seems to be approaching. In actual fact, the American birth rate has been dropping for most of the past decade (it is medicine's victories over death that have caused the population increase), and it now stands at an average of

2.5 children per family. This is not much more than the 2.1 figure that represents, when combined with current death rates, the concept of zero population growth. "To say you believe in zero growth is like saying you believe in the law of gravity," says Chicago's Hauser. "It's going to come whether you believe in it or not. The only question now is how we will achieve zero growth and over what time period."

The first step, already partly taken, is to prevent the birth of unwanted children. According to one major survey, at least one American child in five is unwanted. The obvious solution—making both contraceptives and abortion cheaper and more available—would reduce the birth rate to below the magic 2.1. The principal question—raised anew last month by Milton Eisenhower and ex-Senator Joseph Tydings, founders of the Coalition for a National Population Policy—is whether Americans can be persuaded to want fewer children. A recent Gallup poll showed that the trend is in that direction: the percentage favoring large families (four or more children) has dropped from 40% in 1967 to only 23% today. As liberated women seek careers outside the home, and as contraception becomes accepted as an obligation, it is probable that both the ideal family size and the actual birth rate will continue to decline. The Census Bureau has already lowered its estimates for the year 2000 by a minimum of 17,000,000.

That fact alone might suggest that the predictions of a population doomsday, at least as far as the U.S. is concerned, have been exaggerated. It should be added, though, that the children of the post-World War II baby boom are now getting married, and even if the birth rate dropped to 2.1 immediately, it would take two generations for the American population to level off at about 275,000,000.

In the underdeveloped world, where no predictions are much more than guesses, there is still a sorry gap between the need for family planning and the desire for it. Many major governments have committed themselves to birth control, but in a poll of Mexican political, religious and professional leaders, for instance, 80% thought that the ideal family would number five or more children.

Under such circumstances, it will take many years for the underdeveloped nations to stabilize their populations. But the odds are that they eventually will. As Stanford Sociologist Dudley Kirk puts it, "When people get a higher level of civilization, they realize they don't have to have eight children for three to survive. So they have fewer children and higher aspirations for them. This is universal."

After all, children are not just transients in the world's boardinghouse, to be welcomed or turned away at the convenience of the older boarders. And it is true that every newborn child should have a right to its share of food, it is also true that those who control the food supply should think twice before declaring that they no longer have enough for strangers and newcomers. In other words, the essence of the population problem—so far, at least—is not that mankind has propagated too many children but that it has failed to organize a world in which they can grow in peace and prosperity. Rich nations and poor alike have grossly misused the world's resources, both material and intellectual; neglected them, wasted them, and fought each other over how to share them. Thus the basic question is not how many people can share the earth, but whether they can devise the means of sharing it at all.

• Otto Friedrich



GLOOMY PROSPECT: TOKYO SUBWAY

SCIENCE

SEABORG (LEFT) WITH CREW IN COCKPIT OF KOSYGIN'S JET
A friendly and fruitful exchange.

Sharing the Atom . . .

Despite the bombast and hostility that have characterized relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union during the past decade, a remarkably friendly and fruitful exchange has been quietly going on between scientists of the two nations. Glenn Seaborg, the retiring chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has now revealed how the scientists have not only grown to trust each other, but have also shared detailed information about their countries' nuclear capacity—almost to the last atom.

Physicist Seaborg is just back from Russia, where he headed a delegation of ten visiting U.S. scientists. The group, in checking out eleven key Soviet installations,* covered 6,000 miles—all in Premier Aleksei Kosygin's private TU-134 jet. The scientists often stayed up until dawn talking shop with their Soviet counterparts, with Seaborg, as he has throughout his reign as AEC chief, pushing hard for the pooling of information.

During Seaborg's journey, his hosts demonstrated the surprising versatility of the Soviet nuclear program for peaceful purposes. Russian scientists, for example, used one detonation to create a reservoir in a dry riverbed to catch the torrential spring runoff; the crater walls produced by the same blast served as a restraining dam. Soviet oilmen triggered another nuclear blast to revive the oil flow from a field previously believed to have run dry. Most surprising to Seaborg was a Russian technique of subduing runaway oil- and gas-field fires by atomic explosions. On two occasions 30-kiloton bombs deep beneath the surface succeeded in sealing fissures that

fed the flames by carrying natural gas to the surface.

Future Soviet nuclear projects, Seaborg says, are even more ambitious. The Russians are considering blasting a deep channel that would divert water from the Pechora River to the nearby Kama River, which flows into the Caspian Sea. That link-up, engineers anticipate, would increase the amount of water supplied to the Caspian Sea, which has dropped nearly ten feet in the past 35 years, affecting docking facilities, caviar-producing sturgeon and even the local climate.

Dammed Strait. By far the most controversial atomic scheme proposed by Soviet planners is the damming of the Bering Strait, the 55-mile-wide stretch of water between Alaska and Siberia. "This would be highly beneficial for Siberia," according to Seaborg, "because the cold Arctic waters bathing the eastern coast would be replaced by warmer Pacific water. Eastern Siberia might then be opened up to agriculture." Prospects for a Bering dam are dim, however, because it would span international waters and require the approval of other nations. That approval, especially by the U.S., is unlikely: the cold water would have to go somewhere, and Western scientists fear that the southerly flow of frigid water to the eastern U.S. would increase, possibly producing a drastic drop in temperature throughout the Atlantic States.

Seaborg foresees increased collaboration between American and Russian scientists on other projects, but his personal plan is to retire to California this fall to teach—and to resume the search for superheavy elements that won him a 1951 Nobel Prize. He hopes also to continue his campaign to dispel the growing notion, especially evident on college campuses, that science is intrinsically evil. "What is ironic," he says,

"is that the very things the young people want to change can best be done through their understanding and mastering of technology, of making technology their servant."

. . . And a Link-Up in Space

Echoing Glenn Seaborg's anticipation of U.S.-Soviet collaboration in atomic research, NASA officials announced that the two nations were planning a joint space mission that could come as early as 1974. The most likely first step, Americans and Soviet planners decided, will be to dock an Apollo spacecraft with a Russian space station similar to the Salyut now in orbit. Following this, the space scientists envision a link-up between a Soyuz spacecraft and an American Skylab scheduled for launch in 1973.

The first general agreement to pool space age hardware and know-how came in Moscow last October. Since then, the two nations have agreed to adopt lighting systems and color codes used by the Americans, and have chosen the nitrogen-oxygen cabin atmosphere preferred by the Soviet Union. In addition, both sides have decided upon new docking hardware different from the kind now used by either.

The astronauts themselves seem happy with the idea of training with the Russians for a joint mission. Apollo 15 Commander David Scott recently told the National Press Club that he already knows six Russian cosmonauts, and that communication is never a problem among pilots. Said he: "I'd be glad to fly with them anywhere."

A Boost for Bevatron

A conservatively dressed man with graying hair strode unflinchingly to the target area of one of the world's most powerful nuclear particle accelerators last week and donned a molded plastic mask. At a signal, the accelerator beam was switched on, and nitrogen nuclei, traveling at almost the speed of light, flashed into his temple through a hole in the mask. At first nothing happened, even though the beam struck his optic nerve, behind the retina. For the next pulse, however, his head was moved so that the beam passed through his retina. "Hey, there's one!" he shouted. "Hey, there's a whole constellation!"

Physicist Edwin McMillan, 63, Nobel laureate and head of the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory in California, had seen in his own lab the same flashes of light that astronauts see in space when their eyes are closed. Furthermore, he said, the experiment showed that atomic particles were causing the flashes—not through impact with the optic nerve or passage through the eye fluid, but by penetrating the retina itself.

McMillan's excitement went beyond the light experiment. Hundreds of technicians, engineers and scientists had worked since March at modifying the Berkeley Bevatron—which was designed

* The tour followed a visit in April by a group of Soviet physicists to nuclear installations across the U.S.

for experiments with high-energy protons—to accelerate even heavier particles: nitrogen ions. As a result, McMillan announced at a press conference last week, nitrogen nuclei had been boosted to 36 billion electron volts, the highest energy level ever attained for such heavy particles in a laboratory.

Bare Nuclei. What the Bevatron apparatus had really done was create a kind of homemade cosmic ray, a big step in bringing the universe down to earth. Like cosmic rays from outer space, the particles shot through the Bevatron are really bare nuclei of atoms—in this case nitrogen—that have been stripped of their electrons and accelerated to tremendous velocities. By shooting these tiny bullets into a plastic target rich in hydrogen atoms, the Berkeley team was able to dissect the laboratory-produced cosmic rays. The collisions fragmented the nitrogen nuclei into every element lighter than nitrogen in the periodic table. By analyzing the results of this and similar experiments, physicists hope to bolster their meager store of knowledge about not only the atomic nucleus but also the pulsars and supernovae in which cosmic rays are thought to be born. "It opens up a whole new way of studying nuclear structure," said Berkeley Physicist Harry Heckman.

Scientists have no lack of chores for a machine with the capabilities of the Bevatron. Biophysicists, for example, are optimistic about using heavy ions, or other particles that can be made from these ions, to combat cancer, acromegaly (a rare disease in which facial features, hands and feet thicken) and Parkinson's disease. Unlike X rays and gamma rays, heavy particles do not damage healthy tissue on their way to a tumor; they do most of their deadly work only after reaching it. (Before the modification of the Bevatron, heavy ions could not be accelerated enough even to penetrate the skin.) In addition, scientists may some day create stable, superheavy elements by bombarding uranium with heavy ions. To bring this goal closer, Berkeley is now developing its one-two punch, connecting the Bevatron with another atom smasher, the Heavy Ion Linear Accelerator, 550 ft. away, to achieve even higher energy levels.

Children's Goldfish. Word of the successful test of the Bevatron spread quickly from "the Cave," a tiny experiment room behind the accelerator. By last week, a team of NASA experimenters had already arrived from Houston to plan additional optical tests that should help clarify the process by which the eye forms visual images. A packet of seeds arrived from Germany and was duly irradiated to test for genetic changes; one excited scientist even thrust his children's goldfish into the beam to see if they reacted—they did not. Blearily-eyed scientists stayed up round the clock to test everything they could think of—including (with proper precautions) themselves. Explained one of them: "Who needs sleep at a time like this?"

Harvey Wallbanger is taking Bloody Mary's place at brunch.

Even the best of drinks cloy after a time. So more people are switching from Bloody Marys to Harvey Wallbangers at brunch.

Simple to make. Take 6 ounces of orange juice, add 1 ounce of vodka, and then splash $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of Galliano over the top.

The o.j. gives it the freshness of morning. The Galliano lends the intrigue of night.

Next time, why not let Harvey Wallbanger fill in for Bloody Mary.

**Fond of things Italiano?
Try a drink with Galliano.**



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But want low 'tar' and nicotine.
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**Vantage. The only full-flavor
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Warning: The Surgeon General has determined
that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar"; 0.9 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 11 mg. "tar"; 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SPORT

Proof of the American Dream

Forgotten for the moment were the prize burnt-sugar cake, the first-place parsnips, the Ferris wheel, and other folksy pleasures of the Du Quoin state fair. In this small Southern Illinois town (pop. 6,691), harness racing fans could even forget the aura of scandal that periodically haunts the sport—such as last June's scandal at Yonkers Raceway, which involved an amazingly low Ex-acta payoff, indicating a betting coup. But here, at the 46th running of the Hambletonian, no betting was allowed or ever had been by long tradition. The U.S.'s most prestigious race for standardbreds, and the middle leg of the Triple Crown for three-year-old male trotters,* the Hambo was a reminder of the luster that once belonged to a sport redolent with nostalgia and grass-roots Americana.

As a horse race, the Hambletonian is an exacting test of both speed and endurance. The winning trotter must take two out of as many as four heats, run an hour apart around the one-mile clay track. This year only four of the nine entries figured to have a chance of capturing the coveted trophy and top prize of \$64,885 out of the \$129,770 total purse. Two of the early favorites were Hoot Speed and Speedy Crown, half-brothers sired by the co-holder of the mile world record, Speedy Scot. Hoot Speed was supposed to have the necessary endurance but was unlucky in his post position. Speedy Crown had already won eight of ten races this year—including two wins over Hoot Speed—but he had been beaten by his half-brother in their last meeting. Their most likely challengers were Savori, the only gelding in the field and a strong stretch threat, and Quick Pride,

who had won the Yonkers Futurity.

As it turned out, the race was a surprisingly easy affair for the bay colt Speedy Crown. In two straight heats, one of them the second fastest in Hambletonian history (time: 1:57.2), Speedy Crown bested his only serious challenger, the fast-closing Savori. It was the second victory in three years for Driver Howard Beissinger and the colt's owners, Frank and Tom Antonacci of Long Island, who won the 44th Hambletonian with Lindy's Pride. And the crowd loved it when the announcer told them that the Antonacci brothers had made their money by collecting garbage in New York. It was, after all, proof that the American Dream still survived, even in harness racing.

Superbowl

Bernie Parrish loved violence, particularly the violence he wreaked on opposing players as an aggressive, clothes-lineing cornerback for the N.F.L.'s Cleveland Browns in the early 1960s. His toughness on the field earned him an All-Pro rating; out of uniform he served as vice president of the N.F.L. Players' Association. Unlike St. Louis Cardinals linebacker Dave Meggysey or New York Jets Wide Receiver George Sauer, who recently left football because they felt it was dehumanizing, Parrish claims to love the sport. Now a Teamster official, he "retired," according to his own account, because he was blacklisted from a game that gave him a fierce sense of his identity.

Entitled *They Call It A Game* (Dial: \$7.95), Parrish's book indicts the football establishment for its greed, manipulations and possible crooked dealings in building and protecting its monopoly. Writes Parrish: "I thought of something Jim Brown had once said to me after a tough game. 'There are only a few hunters but everybody wants to eat the meat.' I had agreed, 'That's basic in nature. The lion makes the

kill, hyenas in packs take whatever they can from the lion, and vultures pick the bones.' The same natural order prevails in pro football." Parrish leaves no doubt that the hyenas and vultures in his eyes are some of the owners, Commissioner Pete Rozelle, and the TV executives who made the game a big business.

Parrish's viewpoint is that the players always get the worst end of the deal. He points out, for example, that while the per-club income from radio and TV revenue has multiplied by 13 times since 1956, "players' salaries have increased less than 3 times over." Even though

TONY TOWSE



PARRISH AS CLEVELAND BROWN
A fierce sense of identity.

Pete Rozelle virtuously forced Joe Namath to give up his Bachelors III nightclub because of alleged patronage by gamblers, Parrish charges the league's very roots were sunk from the start in the subsoil of big-time gambling. The late Tim Mara, longtime owner of the New York Giants, was once a legal bookmaker at New York race tracks. Art Rooney supposedly bought the Pittsburgh Steelers after winning \$256,000 at Saratoga Race Track in 1927. Baltimore Colts Owner Carroll Rosenbloom has always been a high roller, according to Parrish. Other owners have been or still are connected with gambling casinos, bookmaking wire services and race tracks.

Bernie's personal superbowl charges that many pro games are fixed: the unconvincing argument is based chiefly on the theory that it can be done. He points out that an official could drop a flag for a holding penalty, conveniently annulling a touchdown. An offensive tackle can neglect to block his man on a crucial play, allowing the quarterback to be smeared. An assistant coach could tip off opponents to his team's signals and game plan. But Parrish proves no specific instances.

Combative Man. If the book is too strident to be totally convincing, it is still entertaining, particularly when Parrish is describing his own career as a tough, poor kid from Gainesville, Fla., who made good in America's new national game. The tone, if not the preciseness of his attack, seems natural to the openly combative man who states: "This book is intended to drive Pete Rozelle, Arthur Modell, Carroll Rosenbloom, Tex Schramm, Clint Murchison, Lou Spadia, and the other so-called sportsmen-owners out of professional football. They are my enemies and they know it."

SPEEDY CROWN IN HAMBLETONIAN



MUSIC

Young Man with a Horn

In his blue suit with short pants, his long-sleeved shirt and long white socks, nine-year-old Enrico Tomasso looks like Little Lord Fauntleroy. When he picks up his trumpet, the youngster from Leeds, England, sounds like Louis Armstrong. What he plays is mostly Louis: *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, *When the Saints Go Marching In*. And at the Manhattan nightclub where he has been appearing, customers respond with rare enthusiasm to his strong, clean horn tones. Just in case anyone misses the point, Enrico rolls his eyes occasionally like Satchmo and even pulls out a white handkerchief to mop his forehead.

Tireless Lips. For all the theatrics, Enrico is that rare individual, a genuine musical prodigy—and on an instrument that demands physical maturity above all else. Many a child can scribble music or peck away at the piano. But an accomplished trumpeter needs a strong, well-developed diaphragm to pump a constant, high-pressure stream of breath into his horn. He needs powerful, tireless lips to shape his embouchure (or his "pucker," as Louis Armstrong liked to call it). Enrico has it all.

He has been developing his skills ever since age four, when his father Ernie Tomasso, an experienced clarinetist, started the boy on the piano.



TRUMPETER ENRICO TOMASSO
Breath control in short pants.

"He could play flattened ninth chords before he even knew what they were," says the proud father. A year later Enrico heard Satchmo on records and that was the end of the piano. Recalls Enrico: "Dad bought me a trumpet. Then he brought in a teacher. Most people think you blow ordinary when you blow a trumpet. You don't. You have to put your lips together and make a sound like bluebottle flies buzzing on the window." Breath control exercises came next—"lying on me back with a

book on me stomach so I could see me breathing."

Enrico steeped himself in Satchmo's music. In 1968, he even met the great Armstrong, and played the *Basin Street Blues* for him. "Boy, you got some chops there!" growled the flabbergasted Louis. For two weeks Armstrong had Enrico as his backstage guest, teaching him to shoot craps and offering sporadic worldly advice: "Don't marry any woman who don't dig your horn."

At 71, Enrico started playing with his musical family professionally. England's child labor laws were—and still are—a considerable hindrance. "They only allow kids to be in 40 shows a year," explains his father. This spring the family brought Enrico to the New Orleans Jazz Festival and dropped the youngster like a tiny sonic bomb into the midst of America's most famous jazzmen.

After Satchmo. Success there led to an offer to appear on the *Dick Cavett Show*. That fell through. Enrico's current engagement at Manhattan's Inner Circle came next, as well as a number of tapings for television appearances before the family heads back to England—and school.

Enrico hopes one day to have a band of his own, but for a while intends to go on styling himself after Satchmo. Right now, his father says, he can play high C's easily. As to just how high a note a trumpeter can hope to reach, Enrico is upbeat. "You just keep going," he says. At his age, he has a long time to go.

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dry, flaky
skin"...

...or the Heartbreak
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We've built it on our record of promptness in paying benefits and in handling requests for service.

Besides, over the past 126 years we've pioneered some of the more liberal contract provisions in the industry.

So, what we provide is memorable.

Mutual Benefit Life. A name to remember.

ART

The New Monuments

Since the Pyramids, the globe has creaked under an accumulating weight of monuments raised to kings and leaders. But the U.S., the most prosperous nation history has ever known, has generally exercised considerable restraint in the monuments it has built for its heroes. Indeed, it has generally built them no monuments at all until they have been authenticated by history. At least until recently. Now every President can be sure of an almost instant memorial—and they tend to get bigger and bigger.

1971 is a bumper year for presidential monuments. One, the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, designed by Gordon Bunshaft for the University of Texas campus in Austin, opened last spring. The other, the much-heralded John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, was created for Washington by Edward Durrell Stone. It officially opens this week with a Mass by Leonard Bernstein, which he composed at the request of Jackie Kennedy Onassis. Together, the two buildings cost some \$76 million, and they afford some unique evidence about official architectural taste in the U.S.

Failed Pomp. It has long been a national embarrassment that the nation's capital has had no proper showcase for the performing arts. This was the lack that the Kennedy Center's planners set out to remedy. When they began their work in the mid-'50s they were thinking of a national cultural center that would present all the traditional forms of opera, theater, ballet, orchestral performance and film. The grand-scale, centralized package they had in mind was a challenging problem for an architect. How does one design a "monumental" building that visually responds to the immense emotional and conceptual range of the performing arts? In the 19th century, this was notably solved by Charles Garnier's design for the Paris Opéra, which has a luxuriant inventiveness of detail and baroque wealth of form that are the epitome of *le style* Napoleon

III. Clearly, Washington hoped that Stone's design would be to the Kennedy style what Garnier's was to the Second Empire.

Yet the Kennedy Center (a designation assigned in 1964) is arguably the most frigid tribute a modern architect has paid to the muses. To walk down the river terrace, with its 630 feet of polished white Carrara wall monotonously glittering like a new kitchen, past the finned, bronze-anodized columns and the regimented shrubs, is an experience of failed pomp. There is an absence of human scale. Undifferentiated bays crash repetitively like boots on a parade ground. There is even the look of an inflated Greek temple, 20 times life size. Above all, the Center has an absolute lack of plasticity in space and detail. The halls and theaters are simply boxes—large boxes, to be sure, but they could hardly be more inert. The grand foyer, with its six-story mirrors, marble, chandeliers and inevitable red carpet, strives to be timeless but achieves only the crushing placelessness of an international air terminal. At the same time, Stone's attempted monumentality is often undone—even on its own terms—by a sense of kitsch. Thus (to take only one example) the walls of the opera house are padded with red material which—as in leathery club bars—is buttoned in panels with rows of brass tacks. But real tacks would be lost in so big a space. The solution? Fake brass tack heads. Oldenburg jumbo, four inches across.

Midos of History. If the Kennedy Center is one kind of mausoleum, the Johnson Library is another. Whatever one may think of the Kennedy Center's design, the concerts and operas will immeasurably enrich Washington life. But the L.B.J. Library has only one function: pharaonic commemoration.

It was built to house Johnson's private bequest to the University of Texas—the 31 million documents that range from his days as a Congressman through his days as President. It may be that no politician has ever been so gripped



ARCHITECT STONE
Frigid tribute.

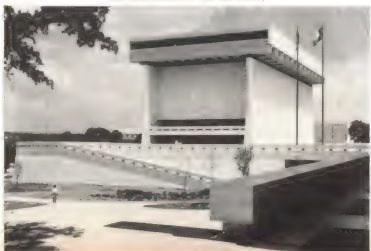
by the indiscriminate urge to retain everything he produced, initiated, touched or was sent. The spectrum of use to future historians is, to put it mildly, wide: the papers range from still-classified material on Viet Nam to a covering note sent by Richard Nixon in 1951 to accompany a 3-lb. box of jumbo de-luxe dried California figs, a gift from the California Fig Institute.

Hubristic Album. Architect Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill produced the requisite design. From the outside, the L.B.J. Library has an undeniable force, rhetorical though it is: massive blind side walls and a lowering, heavily shadowed facade that sucks the tourists through its deep slot of an entrance. It looks both secretive and ostentatious. The absurdities start within, on the thick travertine stairs that rise to the main hall (officially called the Hall of Achievements). At their top is a high black marble monolith, inscribed with four of L.B.J.'s axioms. (Sample: "A President's hardest task is not to do what is right, but to know what is right.") Behind this stretches a five-part mural in etched magnesium. In reality, each panel is a blown-up photoengraver's plate of a news photograph—Lyndon with Roosevelt, with Truman, with Eisenhower, with Kennedy. Then at last, Lyndon alone. Above this hubristic album, the stuff of history begins—floodlit document boxes, bound in red morocco with a gold presidential seal emblazoned on each one, stretching tier on tier to the roof.

Technically, the building is just one more presidential library, maintained by the National Archives and Records Service like its far more modest counterparts, the Roosevelt Library in Hyde Park, N.Y., the Truman Library in Independence, Mo., the Eisenhower Library in Abilene, Kans. Actually it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the presidential library system. No doubt historians will in time sift its unwieldy contents and make some pattern of them. Meanwhile, the building itself exists to tell history what to think. This is one of the traditional functions of monuments, but rarely has it been so heavily exploited in a democratic society.

• Robert Hughes

JOHNSON LIBRARY (FROM THE SOUTH)



FRANK JENKINS



Kennedy Center, seen from the south side looking toward the Potomac, shows rich marble walls and calculatedly delicate columns. Below, monumental stairs lead to the glass-enclosed archives of the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library in Austin, Texas.





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The Li'l Something, our all-new 1200 2-Door, acts bigger than its britches. And costs less than it looks.

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Big ideas about room and comfort pamper four hefty Americans.

And Li'l Something no-cost extras include whitewalls and a locking gas cap. Body-fitting front bucket seats. Like all Datsuns, it delivers complete.

Count on 0-60 in 14.8 seconds. An all-synchromesh 4-speed stick shift is standard. Our 3-speed fully automatic transmission is optional. No-panic stops, too, rain or shine. (Front disc brakes!) And you won't be bugged by cross winds—or most of the other bugaboos that haunt small cars.

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The Datsun 510 (below). With an expensive overhead cam engine. Fast. Expensive fully independent rear suspension. Comfortable. Expensive front disc brakes. They'll make the stopping safe, sure and true every time...even in the wet.

Datsun 510 zips to 60 in a sporty 13.5 seconds. The standard all-synchromesh 4-speed stick is precise, smooth. If you'd rather not shift for yourself, there's an optional 3-speed automatic transmission that will do it for you.

Wide-opening doors. A 13 cubic foot trunk that gobbles up luggage and groceries. You'll wonder where we found all that handy room.

But the biggest bonus is the boost your budget gets. A complete luxury compact at a sensible price.

Datsun 510—another proud product of Nissan. Sales and service at over 1000 dealers in U.S. and Canada.

Drive a Datsun...then decide.

Our most expensive 2-Door Sedan
Datsun 510
\$1990*



*Plus tax, license, title,
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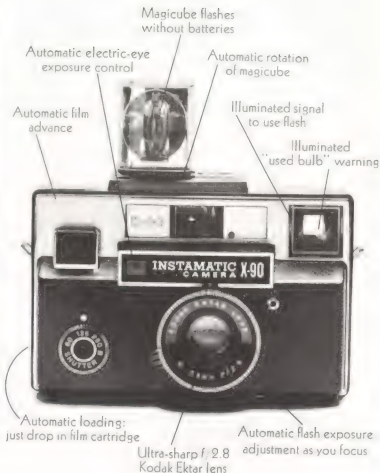
MILESTONES

Died, Nathan Leopold, 66, who with Richard Loeb murdered 14-year-old Bobby Franks for the thrill of it in 1924; of a heart attack; in San Juan. Both brilliant graduate students and the offspring of wealthy Chicago businessmen, Leopold and Loeb fancied themselves Nietzschean "supermen"—a notion that they set out to prove by carefully planning the kidnap-execution of a random victim. The killers were spared the death penalty and sentenced to life imprisonment "plus 99 years" after Defense Attorney Clarence Darrow made pioneering use of psychiatric testimony. Loeb was slashed to death in a 1936 prison fight, but Leopold became a model prisoner at Illinois' Stateville Penitentiary. He was paroled in 1958 and migrated to Puerto Rico, where he married and became administrator of the island's only leprosy hospital.

Died, "Prince" Mike Romanoff, eightyish, Hollywood's reigning restaurateur-raconteur for more than two decades; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. That no one knew Romanoff's precise age is a fitting footnote to the life of a legendary impostor who at various times passed himself off as Rasputin's assassin, the son of Victorian Prime Minister William Gladstone and a cousin of Czar Nicholas II. Actually, there is evidence that he was born Harry F. Gerguson, the son of Russian immigrants. After trying his hand at farming, peddling papers and bumming, the flamboyant phony with the Oxbridge accent migrated West in 1927. In Hollywood, Romanoff was accepted as an off-camera actor in an actor's town; he opened his first restaurant there in 1939. "No one," he once said, "has ever discovered the truth about me—not even myself."

Died, Dr. Paul Niehans, 88, the Swiss surgeon who won both reputation and fortune by trying to lead his celebrity patients to the fountain of youth; in Montreux, Switzerland. In 1931 Niehans developed his so-called "cellular therapy," in which particles of lamb embryos were injected into the patient; he claimed that the treatment would retard the aging process, and cure almost everything from homosexuality to heart disease. Though viewed with suspicion by many fellow doctors, Niehans counted among his grateful patients Pope Pius XII and Gloria Swanson.

Died, Lord Oaksey, 90, the brusque British jurist who, as president of the International Military Tribunal, dominated the Nuremberg trials; in Malmesbury, England. Widely known for his sense of courtroom propriety, Lord Oaksey, then Sir Geoffrey Lawrence, provided a dramatic conclusion to the proceedings when he imposed the death sentence on twelve of the 22 major Nazi defendants.



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The Kodak Instamatic® X-90 camera takes care of just about everything. Automatically.

Choose your subject. Focus in on it through the rangefinder. And shoot. That's all there is to it.

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COINS
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Recessed dial
molded from virtually
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Steel-sheathed cable.

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special anti-theft device.

PUSH
FOR
COIN

Our armored pay phone.
Why the street corner phone is no longer in danger
of becoming extinct.

Many of the pay phones that don't work, don't work
because they've been tampered with.

Last year alone, vandals caused a repair bill of over
twelve million dollars, just on pay phones.

One solution to this problem might have been to re-
move frequently vandalized phones.

But we were determined to improve service in spite
of vandalism. Which is the reason Western Electric, our
manufacturing unit, builds a pay phone with features
designed to make life more difficult for vandals.

The phone has a cable sheathed in steel. That way it's
harder to cut.

The dial is recessed and made of virtually unbreak-
able plastic.

The case is heavy-gauge steel.

And there's a special anti-theft device to make sure
the money you deposit goes for a phone call, instead of
into someone's pocket.

But no pay phone can be one-hundred percent tam-
perproof.

So if you find a phone that's been vandalized, let us
know. We want to fix it. And if you put money in the slot
and didn't get it back, tell us, and we'll send you a refund.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
and your local Bell Company are continually trying to
improve your service.

That includes replacing vandalized pay phones with
armored pay phones.





One out of every ten cars behind you has bad brakes.

One out of two probably couldn't pass a safety inspection—to save your life.

That's right. Half the cars on the road today could not pass a safety inspection. It's frightening.

Some of these cars are clunkers—obvious wrecks everybody can spot and avoid. But many are respectable-looking cars, only a few years old. Like the one you drive.

It's not just bad brakes and worn tires, either. It's the little things. Lights, turn signals, horns—windshield wipers!

Unchecked, these little things will go on killing. So experts recommend that the states see to it that all cars are periodically checked. To make sure they're safe. Safe to have around you. And behind you. And in front.

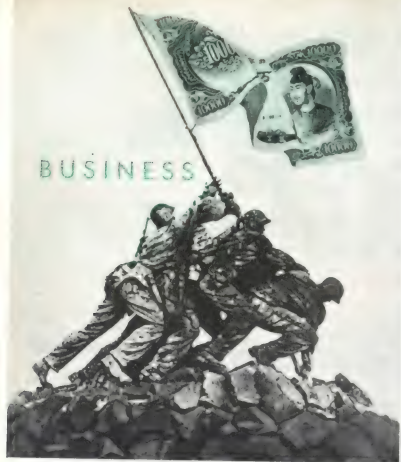
You can help get the needed vehicle inspection laws passed in your state.

There are simple, effective things you can do. To find out what they are, write the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062 for the booklet, "Let's make driving a good thing again."

And have your own car checked, won't you? That's a little thing you can do for yourself right now.

Allstate

Let's make driving a good thing again.



JAPANESE ARTIST'S VIEW OF THE FLOATING YEN: A NEW U.S. VICTORY

A Search for Equity

AFTER taking their immediate bearings in President Nixon's new economic world, most of its inhabitants last week concentrated on studying the future. Both in the U.S. and abroad, those most directly affected by Nixon's sweeping economic policy prepared for councils that will debate for months what he announced to the world in a few minutes. Out of their discussions may emerge more permanent prescriptions for the plight of the dollar abroad and the blight of inflation at home than anyone—even a President—could impose by any kind of personal fiat.

Phase 2. In the U.S., debate continued to center on what will happen during Phase 2, which will start after the present wage-price freeze ends on Nov. 13. Administration spokesmen, including Labor Secretary James Hodgson and Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, cautiously declined under questioning to rule out future controls on profits and dividends, which are not covered by the 90-day freeze. They had little choice but to do so, if only to avoid setting off another fit of temper by A.F.L.-C.I.O. Boss George Meany, who adamantly insists that the Administration was unfair to working men and women

by freezing wages but not profits. In his Labor Day message, Meany angrily declared that "the President's program does not meet the test of equity"—which he defined as equal restraints "on all costs and incomes."

The President, however, let it be known that he still opposes an excess-profits tax and then resumed campaigning in support of his measures. Returning from a 15-day stay at the Western White House, Nixon stopped off in Chicago to speak to the milk producers association and promised that his policy would usher in "a New Prosperity"—"without inflation and without war."

The search for equity preoccupied most of the experts who testified before Congress's Joint Economic Committee. Paul McCracken, chairman of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, hinted strongly at what has become a general assumption in Washington—that some form of wage and price restraint with "clout" and "punch" will be extended beyond the freeze. McCracken also predicted that the Nixon program would create some 500,000 new jobs—enough to reduce unemployment to about 5%. He said that the Administration expected Nixon's measures to

add some \$15 billion to the gross national product in 1972. More than half of that, McCracken said, would come from increased consumer spending.

In Detroit, John Z. DeLoorean, head of G.M.'s Chevrolet Division, reflected the auto industry's exuberant belief that much of the added spending will be for new cars, which should be about \$200 cheaper under Nixon's program. Chevrolet plans to have a record 200,000 new cars in showrooms when the 1972's go on sale Sept. 23.

A la Lockheed. Economist Gardner Ackley, who administered wage-price guidelines while they lasted in the Johnson Administration, argued that voluntary restraints might not be enough for the present economy—but he made a telling point against permanent controls. If big firms lose too much after the controls begin, he asked, "must not the Government, à la Lockheed, come to the rescue?" Arthur Okun, Lyndon Johnson's chief economic adviser and a member of TIME's Board of Economists, suggested that Phase 2 should include guidelines that would tie wage increases to rises in worker productivity and include a cost-of-living differential. He proposed that the only price increases permitted should be those that directly reflect production-cost hikes. Over the past year, under Okun's formula, wage raises would have averaged 5% and price increases 2%.

Both Ackley and Okun were opposed to placing a tether on profits. Ackley acknowledged that corporate profits reached high watermarks as a result of John Kennedy's economic policies, but he said that Nixon's measures were unlikely to produce a similar result—if only because current profits are lower than at any time since 1946.

Advisory Panels. The Commerce Department issued the first economic indicator taken since the wage-price freeze went into effect. It showed that wholesale prices increased during August at the exceptionally high annual rate of 8.4%. Although Nixon's actions took effect at mid-month, most of the sample reflected prefreeze conditions. Unemployment also rose sharply—to 6.1%—but it, too, was measured before Aug. 15. Treasury Secretary John Connally's Cost of Living Council continued to clarify gray areas for the 90-day period. The C.O.L.C. placed in question many of the salary increases for teachers that at first appeared immune to the freeze. Subject to congressional approval, the President broadened a Federal Government pay freeze by applying it to blue-collar employees as well as to the civil service and the military.

In the next few weeks, as Congress starts debate on the Nixon economic strategy, the Administration will appoint advisory panels to study problems of an administered incomes policy in five sectors of the economy: business, labor, state government, local government and the consumer. Those groups and the Cost of Living Council will offer ad-

vice to the President on precisely what restrictions are needed in Phase 2 and how they should be enforced.

Historic Beating. On the world monetary markets, the dollar continued to slip fractionally against the strong currencies floated against it. In the week since Tokyo reluctantly gave up trying to maintain the official rate of 360 yen to the dollar, U.S. currency has declined 6.4% in relation to Japan's, far less than the 12% to 15% revaluation that the Administration hopes will eventually occur. Tokyo's Finance Ministry announced that in the first eight months of 1971, Japan's dollar holdings increased from \$4.4 billion to \$12.5 billion—a staggering leap of nearly 200% that is likely to be remembered as a historic beating for the dollar. British officials, worried that the pound might gain too much against the dollar and thus make British exports too expensive, took measures aimed at keeping spec-

Labor: Dead Days on the Docks

FROM San Diego to Seattle, the giant cargo ships hobbled idly in outer harbors, their flags announcing origins as distant as Japan and the Soviet Union. Inside their holds lay cargo amounting to hundreds of thousands of tons, some of it already spoiled, consigned to destinations all over the U.S. In all, some 150 freighters have been rendered a Pacific mothball fleet by a strike of 15,000 West Coast dock workers. Last week the walkout moved into its third month, and there seemed little hope of an early settlement. "It takes a month to get everything shut up tight," says Union President Harry Bridges, who last led his men to the picket lines in 1948. "Then you've got a good strike."

President Nixon so far has not judged the shipping tie-up a national emergency; if he did so, he could send the men

Like the wage-price freeze, the strike has caught many people in an unexpected and vulnerable position. Says Charles Nevil, whose Los Angeles import-export firm deals in swimming pools: "I have paid for a lot of equipment, and now I have to pay storage charges to the Port of Los Angeles. Meanwhile, I've had cancellations on some orders." But while import-export firms bear the brunt of the strike, its effects reach far down into the U.S. economy. "We had one good order from Japan for electrical goods made by a St. Louis firm," says San Francisco Exporter James Baker. "Now the Japanese have found a substitute company in Korea." The nearly complete shutdown of 24 ports has also forced the layoff of thousands of truckers, customs inspectors and train workmen.

STEVE MCCARDLE



FREIGHTERS WAITING TO UNLOAD CARGO IN ENSENADA, MEXICO
Mothballs on the Pacific.

ulative money out of the country. After forbidding interest payments on new holdings by nonresidents, they cut the prime rate from 6% to 5%.

Officials of the major Western financial powers, plus Japan, prepared to meet next week in London to start considering new international monetary arrangements now that President Nixon has unilaterally upset the longstanding consensus by refusing to redeem dollars for gold. The participating nations make up the main trading partners of the International Monetary Fund, which meets in full session in Washington beginning Sept. 27. Participants will probably get some hint of an answer to the question that intrigues them most: How long will the "temporary" 10% U.S. import surtax remain in effect? Nathaniel Samuels, U.S. Deputy Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, is rumored to be suggesting that the surtax might not be removed until after the 1972 election. In that case, the job of monetary reform might be a long one. Few nations would be willing to fix their currencies permanently at high rates relative to the dollar while the tax remained in effect, because once it was taken off, the structure of exchange rates would be upset again.

back to work during a 90-day cooling-off period. Members of Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (I.L.W.U.) have continued to unload passenger ships and move both war matériel bound for Viet Nam and relief supplies for East Pakistan. Even so, the strike has already caused delays and inconvenience for millions of U.S. businessmen and their customers—and taken a heavy financial toll of many of them. Shipowners lose as much as \$10,000 a day for each idle vessel. In California alone, the cost of the strike has exceeded \$1 billion.

No Beans. U.S. farmers, who rely increasingly on foreign customers to absorb their rich harvests, have been particularly hard hit. Grain elevators in California and the Northwest have been stuffed to overflowing with wheat and other products awaiting shipment. In Washington, 15 million bushels of wheat have been dumped, creating mountains on the ground, and some California growers will soon be forced to plow their crops under. "It's already too late," says Lee Adler, an official of the California Grain and Feed Growers Association. "Our Japanese customers have turned to Australia and South America. Some of them won't ever come back."

The strike has brought special hardships to the nation's two outlying states. In Hawaii, which depends on the mainland for most of its food and other consumer items, the prices of some perishable goods have risen sharply. In addition, sugar refiners are searching desperately for space to store 100,000 tons of raw sugar that is currently being produced. Alaskan building contractors who were caught short of supplies by the strike sometimes lost a whole year's work; the construction season there lasts only three months.

All inbound goods stranded as of Aug. 15 were declared last week exempt from the new 10% surtax on imports. They included large shipments of foreign cars and Christmas supplies of everything from toys to tree ornaments, which dealers can now sell at prefreeze prices. Even so, the main worry is about dwindling inventories. "Some of our dealers are faced with taking on a second line of products like lawnmowers or tractors," says Datsun Distributor Karl Henning. "You can't keep the store open without any beans on the shelf."

Hogs for Stud. Businessmen have coped as best they could, often by paying premium rates for shipping their orders by air. Air cargo companies, which

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The bright idea is an endangered species. And too few organizations seem concerned about its preservation.

Here at 3M we've given the problem a lot of thought. And worked out our own ecology for encouraging and developing ideas.

It starts with the people who work here. We try to treat every employee like the individual he is. Let him know we want his ideas. And do all we can to help them grow.

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Our people know their rewards and responsibility will grow apace with the results their ideas produce.

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3M refuses to let ideas die young. And that means putting healthy ideas and the people who have them together with other ideas and their people.

Then nature takes its course. Two good ideas beget better ideas. And given a decent fighting chance, they make amazing things happen.

3M has watched ideas begin as the tiniest of things. And grow into products like "Tartan" Brand athletic surfacing. The first successful pre-sensitized metal printing plate. And Boil-in-Bag and Bake-in-Bag packaging.

We have countless satisfied customers who seem to like the way we treat ideas.

And 65,733 people to have them.

People still count here. 3M

3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

had suffered from the overall airlines malaise (see story, page 80), were doing record business, transporting loads that included heavy machinery, transistor radios, beer, and even hogs for stud. The only alternative for importers was to find a port just outside the U.S., where goods could be off-loaded and shipped by train or truck to their destinations. Ship captains are permitted to drop cargoes at any "port of convenience" in the event of a strike. Many have decided to do just that, thereby considerably changing life around Vancouver, B.C., and Ensenada, Mexico—ports just across the Western U.S. borders.

Traffic in Vancouver's modestly equipped harbor has doubled, causing major delays for unhappy Canadian shippers. In the sleepy resort town of Ensenada, the scene is even more hectic. Dozens of ships wait in line as long as three weeks for one of three berths, where Mexican laborers sometimes work 36-hour shifts to unload them. Since the strike began, Ensenada crews have loaded or unloaded 64 ships, more than they normally see in a year. Much of the cargo is simply moved to vacant lots until it can be hauled to the U.S. Some 3,700 Volkswagens sit bumper to bumper atop a cliff overlooking the sea. Though all manual labor must be performed by Mexicans—a union rule that now helps Ensenadans earn a total of \$40,000 a day—U.S. firms have sent dozens of representatives to oversee the operation. Says Captain D.W. Cowan of Prudential-Grace Lines' San Francisco office: "We have enough people to set up our own steamship agency."

Shrinking Bose. They may be there for quite a while. The major issue of the strike is neither wages nor benefits—though the union wants hefty increases in both—but a jurisdictional dispute with another union. At stake is the job of "stuffing and unstuffing" containers near the dock, an operation that increasingly is being handled by Teamster employees of freight-forwarding companies. San Francisco Teamster boss Joseph Diviny has notified freight firms that his union has "no intention of giving up the work" and calls Bridges' claim that all dock labor belongs to longshoremen "a lot of baloney." The Teamsters recently agreed to settle the dispute by mediation, but so far the longshoremen have shown no inclination to follow suit. The issue is vitally important to them because of the shrinking base of stevedore jobs caused by containerization. A 30-ton prepacked container can be hoisted onto a ship by three longshoremen in about two minutes; it used to take a gang of 18 men an hour to load the same amount of cargo.

Bridges, who plans to retire before the next contract is negotiated, is nonetheless under tremendous pressure from younger members to hold out firmly against any work-rule changes that would further reduce longshoremen's jobs. The West Coast strike could turn

into the first nationwide shipping stoppage in U.S. history. Contracts covering 50,000 members of the International Longshoremen's Association, the East Coast and Gulf of Mexico counterpart of Bridges' I.L.W.U., expire Sept. 30. Union negotiators are demanding a guaranteed annual wage—an innovation in the seasonal shipping business that employers are hardly eager to grant. Nevertheless, says I.L.A. boss Thomas W. Gleason, his members are prepared to wait "until hell freezes over" to get it.

INDUSTRY

Cinema, Corporate Style

Bankrolling a motion picture has always been half investment, half gamble: the percentage of flicks that flop is an astonishing 70%. In the best of times—which these are not—the lure of the long shot attracted enough moneyed players to keep the game alive. In recent years, however, recession, declining profits and rising costs have sent the movie industry into a dizzying downward spiral.

As recently as two years ago, \$20 million production budgets were not uncommon; \$5 million is now considered extravagant, and the average producer is lucky to raise half that much. Investment bankers, the industry's traditional financiers, long ago deserted what they assessed to be a sinking ship. Thus it is all the more surprising that with the motion-picture industry at its nadir, some of the most conservative and successful U.S. corporations are putting their loose cash behind a new-found belief in the future of movies.

Many major companies, including General Electric, Mattel Toys, Bristol-Myers and Xerox, are gearing up to invest heavily in feature films. Quaker Oats anted up the entire \$2 million

for the musical *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory*, and is now ready to plow its considerable profits back into new films. Wells, Rich, Greene, the advertising agency, will soon complete its first film, *Dirty Little Billy*, an irreverent rehash of the Billy the Kid legend.

The latest entrants into the celluloid sweepstakes are convinced that they can turn a handsome profit. Says Tom Moore, former president of ABC television, who now heads G.E.'s newly created film division, Tomorrow Entertainment: "The big pictures' losing big is what ruined Hollywood, but if you take those out and look at the grosses on the smaller budget pictures, the business isn't so bad. We intend to turn a profit as quickly as we can." Mary Wells Lawrence, president of Wells, Rich, Greene, is even more explicit: "It's not the ego satisfaction; we're going into movies to make money."

No Catch-22s. Because they are unencumbered by outmoded Hollywood traditions of production and financing, and can apply fresh and effective production methods to an industry that has never been known for its efficiency, the new film makers may well succeed. All of them agree on the need to keep production costs in the \$1 million-to-\$2 million range, a ceiling that the state of the economy has imposed on old-style Hollywood productions as well. "We have no intention of producing *Catch-22s*," says Richard Kent, treasurer of Bristol-Myers, which will bring out three movies in the fall—all in what Kent calls "the low end of the cost structure."

A few companies, such as G.E. and Xerox, have set up production subsidiaries. Many of the others are putting up the cash and hiring independent production companies or individuals to



RADNITZ (CENTER) OVERSEEING MATTEL FILM PRODUCTION IN LOUISIANA
Keeping the game alive.



We had a feeling about life and we made a GT out of it.

We believe that living should have a style and zest and individuality to it. It is for people who feel as we do that we built a car. We call it the MGB/GT.


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MGB/GT 

make their films. Doubleday is making a production deal for a film version of one of its own books, *The Parallax View*, by Loren Singer; it has contracted for a screenplay by Lorenzo Semple Jr. (*Pretty Poison*), and hired Director Michael Ritchie (*Downhill Racer*). Mattel has worked out an arrangement for eight children's films—what else?—with Producer Robert Radnitz (*Misty, A Dog of Flanders*): Radnitz is now at work in Louisiana on *Souder*, from the 1970 Newbery Medal novel by William Armstrong.

The entrance of big firms like G.E. and Bristol-Myers into the moviemaking field is not likely to mean any loss to art, for art has seldom had any direct relationship with the box office. Doubleday's Robert Banker, however, insists: "Our rule is going to be that we will produce things that will entertain and be provocative." Says G.E.'s Moore: "We just would not be interested in producing R and X pictures. But, more important, G and GP are where the long-range values in the negatives exist. They are products with longevity."

Longevity, translated into mass markets and repeated showings, is obviously the key to the new corporate film wave. It has an allure not confined to members of *FORTUNE's* august list of the 500 largest U.S. industrial companies. Kirk Douglas, after 25 years as one of Hollywood's most bankable stars, recently had trouble raising money for *A Gunfight*, a property with a strong screenplay starring himself and Johnny Cash (see *CINEMA*). Then the Jicarilla Apaches, a wealthy Indian tribe (gas leases and mineral rights) with a sophisticated investment policy offered to put up the entire \$2 million. For once, it was the Indians to the rescue.

CONSUMERISM

Bird-Dogging the Bottlers

Horse trainers feed it to their thoroughbreds during the racing season, fish lovers raise their most prized species in it, horticulturalists nurture exotic African violets with it—and people drink it. It is bottled water, and it is used for all those things because it is supposed to be purer than the stuff that comes from the tap.

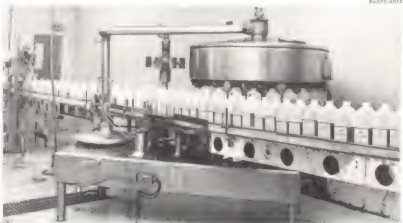
As more and more Americans turn on their faucets only to have heavily chlorinated and sometimes foaming water spill into their glasses, the sales of bottled water soar. In the past five years, home consumption has increased by more than 50%, and is still rising by a snappy 10% per year. But no overall set of governmental standards or regulations has emerged to ensure that bottled water is not simply tap water in disguise, or something no better.

Score Story. One reason for the delay is jurisdictional confusion within Washington's bureaucracy. Officials cannot agree whether bottled water is a "food" under the auspices of the Food and Drug Administration or should more

properly be considered part of a community's water supply and therefore in the purview of the Environmental Protection Agency. A bill pending in Congress, sponsored by Democratic Representative John S. Monagan of Connecticut, would help solve the dilemma by giving the EPA authority to set uniform standards for all bottled water.

The Federal Trade Commission, which watches over product advertising, will have an additional regulatory role no matter what the outcome. Some promotional campaigns for bottled water have sought to boost sales by attacking the quality of municipal drinking water. Schweppes Ltd. found the reception chilly when it developed plans to test-market bottled water in Philadelphia

ported, one recent test sampling of four brands of bottled water sold in Washington, D.C., revealed bacteria counts anywhere from seven to 70 times greater in three of the brands than in ordinary Washington area tap water. The highest count was scored by Deer Park Mountain Spring Water, owned by the Nestle Co. But Deer Park officials contend that the bacteria are harmless to human health and contribute only to the water's distinctive taste. Says Fred H. Jones, executive director of the American Bottled Water Association: "We're concerned that some small bottler may bottle up some impure water and get some people sick." Many bottlers fear that a single severe scare story could send the entire industry down the drain.



BOTTLING DEER PARK WATER

But is it food?

with ads that slurred the city's water supply. Fear of official complaints prompted the company to abandon the project before it got started.

FTC attorneys are concerned about deceptive labeling and advertising of the water inside the bottle. To well-traveled Americans, bottled water evokes exotic, health-giving European spas. In the U.S., however, only 1% of bottled water is imported—and, of course, now subject to the 10% surtax. Only half of the bottled water sold in the U.S. comes from underground springs. The rest is tap water that has been purified and elaborately filtered. But ads for the finished product often make it sound as if it had gurgled fresh from the ground in some sylvan mountain glen. Says one FTC attorney who has handled half a dozen such cases in the past year: "Usually the bottled water in question is represented as being fresh spring water, but is in fact only well-filtered tap water. There is nothing in any way unhealthy about it: it's just not spring water."

While the jurisdictional head-scratching continues, executives in the \$110 million bottled water industry grow increasingly anxious for some sort of regulation. Though no cases of illness caused by bottled water have yet been re-

Plastic Loophole

A man loses his wallet, with all his credit cards. Before he can notify each of the issuing companies, someone fraudulently charges thousands of dollars in his name. Is he liable for the entire amount? A percentage of it? A certain limit on each card?

Not a cent, says the Federal Trade Commission. According to the FTC, none of the major credit card companies has presented evidence that it is complying with the provisions of a 1970 amendment to the Truth in Lending Act. Unless the companies comply, the act prohibits them from pinching holders for as much as a penny on lost or stolen cards. Though many cards carry stern warnings that holders must pay for charges run up before the issuing company is notified of loss or theft, the warnings are legally meaningless.

The amendment would limit holders' liability to \$50 for each card—but only after the holder is properly notified of that liability by the issuing company and provided with a postage-paid return envelope to use in case of loss. Only two issuers, American Express and Carte Blanche, have tried to notify their customers of the act, but FTC lawyers say the agency has not been informed

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that the companies have done so. BankAmericard plans to begin notifying its cardholders next January. The others, including Master Charge, Diners Club and Uni-Card, seem to have no immediate intention of complying. Compliance is not mandatory, but if a card-issuing company does not go along its customers can lose their cards without fear of having to pay up.

Why do the purveyors of plastic credit prefer to absorb the cost of stolen cards—which last year amounted to well over \$50 million—rather than claim the \$50 per victim to which the law would entitle them? Credit card executives are vague on that question. But staffers at the FTC's Division of Consumer Credit and Special Programs say that most companies have a lot to gain by keeping their customers uninformed. If a cardholder knows that his liability is limited to \$50, for example, he may not be so prompt in letting the company know when he finds that his card is missing.

Neither the FTC nor the companies are educating consumers about the act's no-liability loophole. Still, word may be out. Credit card notification services, organizations that feed all of a holder's card numbers into a computer and notify the proper companies as soon as a loss is reported, are dying out. Just a year ago, there were at least 40; today the FTC knows of only four.

When Japanese-born Mike Yamano of Los Angeles applied for a Diners Club card in 1958, he was rejected as a poor credit risk. Today, Yamano is taking his revenge on the credit card industry. Outraged by his Diners Club rejection and resentful that cash customers must pay the same prices as those who buy on credit, he originated the nation's first "anti-credit card." In 1968 he founded United International Club, Inc., whose card entitles some 31,500 holders to discounts averaging 10% at 700 stores and restaurants. The only stipulation is that the holders pay cash. Participating merchants, most of whom are located in the Los Angeles area, are happy to get immediate payment and avoid the 2% to 7% service charge that regular credit card companies demand on each transaction.



THE UNICREDIT CARD
A reject's revenge.

AIRLINES

Diverging on Merging

U.S. airlines have been reeling from a combination punch: their costly, shiny new jumbo jets arrived just as a recession cut back the predicted increase in air travel. Last year the U.S. trunk carriers ran up a total loss of \$179 million; TWA alone went some \$60 million into the red. As always when in trouble, the airlines resorted to a wide-ranging exploration of merger possibilities—the classic, though not always successful industry device for rescuing the flounders. Some carriers have already reached merger agreements. Currently pending before the Civil Aeronautics Board are three proposed consolidations that could strongly affect the industry's structure: Mohawk with Allegheny, Northeast with Delta and, by far the largest and most important, American with Western. The American-Western merger would join the second- and eighth-highest domestic carriers.

Last week, on the last day allowed by the CAB for filing briefs in the American-Western case—the largest proposal for a merger since United took over Capital in 1961—the Federal Government managed to confuse matters by attempting to clarify them. The Department of Transportation published guidelines defining what types of mergers would be permitted. A merger should not eliminate "effective" competition or give the consolidated airline an "excessive" share of important markets, said the DOT. It should produce "significant benefits," including better service to the public, and it should not be likely to touch off "defensive" merger proposals by other airlines that might feel threatened.

Common Routes. The department filed briefs with the CAB supporting all three of the proposed acquisitions. On the other hand, the Justice Department, which is entitled to weigh in on the antitrust aspects of pending mergers, argued against American-Western.

DOT found that the American-Western consolidation met its criteria, particularly in that it would not limit competition significantly. But Justice contended that the "anticompetitive effects" of the planned merger "would outweigh any public benefits that might result." One possible consequence, it said, would be reduced competition on routes between Phoenix and San Diego, and between San Diego and Los Angeles. In addition the opposing brief noted that American, with Western, would have an excessively large share (22.7%) of the total national trunk airline market, yet would not gain "any significant cost reductions," as had been argued by American President George A. Spater. American and West-



AMERICAN AIRLINES' SPATER
A rationale for the routes.

ern insist that their common routes in the Southwest are not a major overlap and that their combined size would not likely be greater than that of United, now the largest domestic carrier.

Muscular Giant. The American-Western merger was negotiated last fall by Spater and Kirk Kerkorian, the Western board chairman, more on the grounds of convenience than necessity or public interest. Spater contended, however, that the merger would generate \$50 million in new annual profits—\$22 million in increased revenues and \$28 million in cost savings. Yet some CAB economists predict a \$20 million burden of cost increases on the merged carrier.

American and Western have already laid out nearly \$1,000,000 in legal fees and lobbying for the merger. Naturally, their competitors are dead set against the merger and have engaged in some vigorous lobbying themselves. "If the merger goes through," warns Continental Air Lines President Robert Six, "the muscle of this giant would ruin the smaller carriers, and they will desperately seek a merger partner and get out before they are overrun and overcome."

Six's claim, while self-serving, is not without historical basis. The 22 trunk carriers certified in 1938 have shrunk to eleven today, and the four largest airlines—United, American, TWA and Eastern—have 70% of the domestic business. What the CAB must now decide is whether this trend, which could well result in the end of what competition remains among the major domestic carriers, is desirable—or, if it is not, whether it could be reversed. What neither the Federal Government nor the airlines themselves have yet produced is a viable overall plan for making sense of a business that remains as jumbled a historical hodgepodge as the nation's sagging railroad system. "Somebody ought to rationalize the route structures," American's Spater admits—but no one has begun to.

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CINEMA

Orphans of the War

Hoa-Binh is the first feature film to be directed by the superb French cinematographer Raoul Coutard, 47, who has photographed much of the work of Godard and Truffaut. Made entirely in Viet Nam during 1969, the movie is full of scenes of severe beauty: gas-masked soldiers outlined against a metallic sky, actors in elaborate Oriental costume running from a bombed theater, whole rows of huts bursting suddenly into flame.

The plot is often, unfortunately, simplistic. A little boy's father leaves home to join the N.L.F. His mother dies soon afterward of an infected leg, and Hung and his little sister Xuan are left orphans of the war. A neighbor appropriates the money left for the children's care and mistreats



XUAN & HUNG IN "HOA-BINH"
A single human imperative.

them. So Hung and Xuan leave the neighbor's house for Saigon, and after a multitude of hardships are finally taken in hand by a kindly nurse. Xuan is placed in a children's clinic; Hung gets a mining job and visits his sister every night; eventually their father returns to Saigon.

For Coutard, the skeletal narrative often seems no more than a backdrop for his arresting images. He is at his best looking at Saigon through the children's eyes as they wander through a nightmare city that has been torn by war but is still bursting with luxurious restaurants and gaudy nightclubs. Coutard seems to share the children's wonder and confusion. There is one especially moving interlude in which they huddle around a sidewalk movie machine to watch an old Fernandel film.

The chubby and cute Vietnamese children who play the leads hardly look as

if they had been savaged by the war. Yet, if Coutard has been rather sloppy about realism, he is scrupulous in avoiding propaganda. He refuses to take sides. Hung overhears an American defending his country's participation, and later, when he is taken to a political meeting, listens to a member of the N.L.F. explain its ideology. Both speakers are persuasive, and both promise victory. For Coutard, obviously, politics pale beside a single human imperative. In Vietnamese, *hoa-binh* means "peace."

■ Jay Cocks

The Glories of Grooviness

At first, *Medicine Ball Caravan* looks like another whelp from the Woodstock litter. The idea was to have some freaks travel cross-country in Day-Glo buses disseminating rock music, good vibes and easygoing propaganda for the counterculture. Warner Bros. would pack along a camera crew to record the music, the interaction and the scenery.

The caravan duly set forth in the summer of 1970, and the filmed record proceeds predictably enough for the first few minutes. Then Director François Reichenbach appears in an on-camera interview. As he goes into a number about the glories of grooviness, the film cuts abruptly to a very quick shot of a bus being thoroughly whitewashed.

That moment is an early signal that *Medicine Ball Caravan* is almost schizoid. One part celebrates the youth culture; another is a crafty send-up of the whole caravan project. There are, of course, the requisite number of elaborate rock concert sequences (B.B. King, Alice Cooper). There are also the usual nude bathing sequences, the dope sequences and the rapping-with-Middle-America sequences.

What prevents audience atrophy during all this is a recurring, if not pervasive sense of irony. Director Reichenbach appears throughout the film bobbing around and asking inane questions ("What means for you vibrations?") in heavily accented French. He becomes a buffoon in his own movie. Toward the end of *Caravan*, there is a long scene at Antioch College during which the students denounce the film makers as frauds, the caravan members as dupes and the executives of Warner Bros. as flat-out bandits. From the evidence at hand, it's hard to disagree. The gnomic sabotage of the film's basic premise was accomplished by Associate Producer Martin Scorsese, a moviemaker himself (*Who's That Knocking at My Door?*), who assembled Reichenbach's footage and added his own distinctive and sometimes corrosive point of view.

The two parts, however, make for a highly imperfect whole. As a musical and historical event, the caravan was a total bust. The film's best sequences are those—like Antioch, or a look at a fam-

ily of Colorado speed freaks dressed as cavemen—in which the tie-dyed patina of the whole project is mocked. But such moments are few. Which is a pity, because as a piece of deliberate self-parody *Medicine Ball Caravan* could have been fascinating.

■ J.C.

Cash on the Line

Country Singer Johnny Cash shucks his guitar for a top gun's rig in *A Gunfight*.^{*} Johnny's horse gets bitten by a rattlesnake out on the trail, so he comes into town to find another mount. He also gets himself a shave, grabs himself a meal and a woman, and meets up with Kirk Douglas, once the town's fastest gun but now retired. Kirk and Johnny glower at each other a great deal, then settle down into the kind of edgy friendship that is good for about 15 minutes of running time.

Eventually both men are needed by



CASH & DOUGLAS IN "GUNFIGHT"
Slow draw in the bullring.

the bloodthirsty townspeople and driven by their own sense of honor, competition and greed to shoot it out. Instead of the humdrum showdown on Main Street at high noon Johnny and Kirk decide to go for their guns in a bullring conveniently located at the edge of town. Tickets will be sold; faster gun takes the proceeds. The spectators in the bullring may get a lot for their money, but the movie's trick shock ending thoroughly flimflams the filmgoer.

■ J.C.

* Like almost half the movies made these days, *Gunfight* was financed outside Hollywood. But its backers were not ordinary investors: The Jicarilla Apaches, a tribe of about 1,800 New Mexican Indians with a substantial income from oil and gas investments, put up \$2,000,000. Says Chief Charlie Vigil: "We consider ourselves a corporation like any other." The chief liked the idea of bankrolling Johnny Cash because he is one-fourth Cherokee.

BOOKS

The Scorpion of the North

IBSEN by Michael Meyer. 865 pages. Doubleday. \$12.95.

Henrik Ibsen kept a live scorpion in an empty beer glass on his writing table. "From time to time the brute would ail: then I would throw in a piece of ripe fruit, on which it would cast itself in a rage and eject its poison; then it was well again." As usual in an Ibsen scene, opera glasses are not needed to recognize the symbolism. Tiny, armored, venomous, Ibsen was an ailing spirit whose dramas stung the 19th century's conscience and gave European theater a new seriousness. After launching into poetic tragedy (*Brand*, *Peer Gynt*), Ibsen imported social realism from the novel and invented modern prose drama (*A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*). Then he passed on to the great pagan passion plays of his old age (*The Wild Duck*, *Rosmersholm*, *Little Eyolf*).

The exploitation of women, the trap of marriage, the dead weight of the Establishment, the isolation of the individual in the modern world—Ibsen's issues are once again the issues of the hour. But as his plays revive so do their somber ambiguities. To assume that the facts of an author's life inevitably illuminate the meaning of his writing is to commit the biographical fallacy; and in this huge biography—the first full portrait done since 1931—Michael Meyer makes that error on a grand scale. Even so, his book is the richest discussion of Ibsen's life and work ever published.

Suzannah's Steel. Born in 1828 in a tiny Norwegian lumber town, he was seven when his well-to-do father's finances collapsed. About the same time, Henrik became convinced (incorrectly, his biographer suspects) that he was illegitimate. He writhed under this double

disgrace, and when he left home at 15 it was forever—he saw his parents only once after that. Withdrawn and stumpy, he was apprenticed for six years to an apothecary. By day he brewed prescriptions over a kitchen stove; by night he wrote radical poems and skits that read like bad Kipling. At 23, indirectly because of a stormy verse drama he had written, he was offered the post of director and playwright at the theater in Bergen. His first four plays flopped, and as a director he was a washout. Too shy to tell his actors what to do, he sat in the back of the theater tugging at his beard or hurried away from confrontation muffled up in a huge romantic cloak that made him look like Mickey Rooney playing Goethe.

Finally he found a girl, a handsome, forceful young woman named Suzannah Thoresen. After only two meetings, Ibsen begged her to marry him and make him "something great in the world." From the first, says Meyer, it was a marriage of creative convenience. Day after day, Suzannah packed him off to commune with his scorpion, whipped up his flagging spirits, shooed his time-wasting friends away. "Ibsen had no steel in his character," she said flatly. "I gave it to him." The steel soon made its mark. In 1863, Ibsen wrote *The Pretenders*, his first popular success. On the strength of it, after wangling a \$400 grant from the government for a year in Italy, he headed south with his wife and small son. He stayed for 27 years.

From Lear to Joyce. For Ibsen, as later for an Ibsen idolater named James Joyce, exile was creation's catalyst. Living in Italy, and later in Germany, lent perspective to his judgments and released his power. In less than two years he produced his first masterpiece. *Brand* is the epic tragedy of a zealot, a Norse Savonarola hurled to ruin by his own *lunbris*. Published back home, it hit Nor-

way like an Arctic blizzard, and Ibsen was hailed as the greatest Norwegian poet since the age of the Eddas. Two years later he published an even more stupendous poetic drama called *Peer Gynt*. Its hero is Brand's shadow, the organically natural as opposed to the fanatically spiritual man. The tragic last act of the play, in which Gynt's whole life unravels in his mind at the moment of his death, is one of the great far-faragoes in world literature: a bridge that miraculously leaps the centuries between *King Lear* and *Finnegans Wake*.

Shattering Episode. At the height of his success as a dramatic poet, Ibsen suddenly risked his career by switching from poetry to prose and from romanticism to realism. In *The Pillars of Society*, he blistered the middle class for its greed and indifference; in *A Doll's House*, he pictured holy matrimony as a slave pen; in *Ghosts*, he symbolized hypocrisy as a social disease that destroyed the rising generation. *An Enemy of the People* stated flatly that the majority is always wrong. Amazingly, a Norway that had only had gas lamps for a generation leaped on these advanced ideas and demanded more. So did Germany, France and England. By the late 1880s, Ibsen had become Europe's most famous playwright, a stern alternative to Eugène Ibsen and the French farce industry.

But once again Ibsen abandoned his course, this time for a painfully romantic interlude. At 61, a white-haired old man with one big eye and one little eye, Ibsen met a 19-year-old girl named Emilie Bardach and fell boyishly in love. "He means to possess me," Emilie informed her diary. "That is his absolute will." But Meyer says that caution intervened, possibly in the form of impotence. Emilie later told a friend that Ibsen had never even kissed her.

The episode was shattering to Ibsen. Meyer believes that in a few wild weeks he discovered the power and the wonder of love—and realized that the discovery

SUZANNAH THORESEN IBSEN (1874)



HENRIK IBSEN (1874)



EMILIE BARDACH (1889)



had come too late. In any case, over the next ten years Ibsen's plays moved away from the passionate centers of life into the cold silence of ultimate considerations. Many of his contemporaries found *Hedda Gabler* and *Rosmersholm* befuddling and repellent. But at this distance they seem startlingly modern. Their symbols invite psychoanalysis, their bareness prefigures Beckett; their dialogue is often as runic as Pinter's. In late Ibsen what is said often hides what is felt, and to reveal what is felt an actor must learn not only to speak the text but to act the context.

"Suburban Lady Macbeth." In the earlier, social plays, Ibsen's drama was the drama of contemporary issues: the characters are living ideas. Dr. Stockmann, the idealist who heroically fights to improve his community in *An Enemy of the People*, reappears in *The Wild Duck* as Gregers Werle, a pre-Freudian busybody who demonstrates that helping people face their problems is often just a bland way of destroying them. Similarly, in *Hedda Gabler*, Nora, the relatively innocent victim of male chauvinism in *A Doll's House*, is re-examined as Hedda, a modern woman whose frustrated need to assert individuality transforms her into a "suburban Lady Macbeth."

After *Hedda*, social problem yields the stage to religious search. John Gabriel Borkman and Arnold Rubek, the heroes of *John Gabriel Borkman* (1896) and *When We Dead Awaken* (1899), Ibsen's last two plays, are close portraits of the artist as an old man battling desperately to make some central sense of his life before it ends. Borkman, the industrialist, loses the battle. "Those mountains far away . . . those veins of iron ore, stretching their twisting, branching, enticing arms towards me . . . wanted to be freed. And I tried . . . But I failed." But Rubek, the artist, in the last scene of Ibsen's last play, climbs to the top of a mountain and is received into the everlasting snows.

Ibsen himself spent the last six years of his life, unable to write, staring out of his window in Christiania. "Leave that to me," he snapped at a visitor who asked how he felt about God. And one day, when a nurse announced that he was feeling better, the old curmudgeon found the ultimate putdown. "On the contrary!" he said, and died.

■ Brad Darrach

Little Women

ENTERING EPHESSUS by Daphne Athas. 442 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

In 1939, the Bishops with their three daughters arrive in Ephesus, a tiny college town in the South. They are destitute, and despite the war boom that is about to start, they stay that way, thanks to father's "ruthlessness about the unimportance of money." What the Bishops do have plenty of is "Bishopry"—an elusive but tensile *esprit* that makes

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them feel different, not to say unique.

Entering Ephesus is about being adolescent in that family, and the author manages to make most practitioners in the crowded coming-of-age field seem calculating and niggardly indeed. This is not one of those tightly written, masterly constructed narratives of one watershed season when "Everything Changed." It is an ungainly, exhilarating chronicle of five years in which things changed and changed and changed.

Cerebral Lovers. The father, known as P.Q., is a free-thinking, argumentative intellectual who runs a tatty laundry, more or less when he feels like it. His wife is a pliant, childlike female, very like their eldest and prettiest daughter, Irene. Most of the novel is devoted to Urie, who is 13 when the book begins; she is an avowed bluestocking blessed with ambition and "a thick ego." Then there is Sylvia, 11, a charming but unfathomable sprite who is called "Loco Poco." Shortly after arriving in Ephesus, Urie forms an intense friendship with an ignorant but brilliant local boy named Zebulon Walley, whose ego is diaphanous and who attaches himself to the Bishops like a starving kitten.

"The truth of a family is like the truth of an ocean, a series of movements in which themes occur and recur," the author writes. It seems particularly true of adolescence. Urie informs Zeb, an ardent believer, that there is no God, that Socrates was a better man than Jesus. When the young man recovers, they go on to other intellectual topics—something called "the Cult of Ugliness," then the "sexual power of puberty," and finally, of course, Kraft-Ebing. But their first kiss leads only to a more metaphysical discussion. Clearly such cerebral lovers have no future. For sex Urie turns to a much older naval officer, and the grieving Zeb is astonished to find himself aggressively seduced by Loco Poco, just 14.

Something Wrong. So it goes. There is a constant struggle for money and education. Natural outlaws, all the Bishop women steal when they feel they must. What with their improvised clothes and makeshift domestic solutions, they seem like *Little Women* turned inside out. In fact, the girls stage an amateur production of the novel in which Loco plays both Beth and Amy. She also plays both in her own life. Like Beth, she dies. Like Amy, she has a tantalizing streak of amorality.

Ephesus is over 400 pages long and contains no fewer than 55 chapters full of encounters, imbroglis, plots. Not all of them work, and occasionally the pace slackens. The author is vulnerable to charges of excess and lack of critical judgment. One may as well try to defend reality. The only rejoinder is how vivid and how much like life the book is. The late Randall Jarrell once defined the novel as "a prose narrative of some length that has something wrong with it." This is a novel.

• Martha Duffy

White water adventure in the western canyons...



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Isn't there anything that will really help me quit smoking?

Clinical tests have shown that an alkaloid called Lobeline Sulfate is an effective smoking deterrent. Lobeline works not by making smoking unpleasant, but by acting as a substitute for the nicotine in your system without being habit forming. It helps to remove the craving and to reduce withdrawal symptoms.

Do I need a prescription to get Lobeline Sulfate?

Not so fast. Lobeline Sulfate is highly efficient but it has a big drawback. Taken in sufficient quantities to be an effective substitute for nicotine, Lobeline often upsets the stomach. This is one of the reasons doctors seldom prescribe it.

Doesn't that leave me where I started?

No indeed. A number of years ago scientists at a great American University determined to tackle the problem. They discovered that buffering Lobeline Sulfate with two special antacids virtually eliminated any likelihood of stomach upset. Also these buffers greatly increased the efficiency of the Lobeline.

Where can I get this buffered Lobeline Sulfate?

This new discovery was a great breakthrough in the smoking deterrent field. It was immediately patented* and is now available under the name of Bantron®. No other smoking deterrent has such a patent. Bantron is a little white tablet, pleasant and easy to take. Many doctors recommend it to their patients and you can get it at any drug store without a prescription.

What about all those lozenges and chewing gums advertised as deterrents?

If they contain Lobeline Sulfate at all, they cannot give you the efficiency of Bantron. Bantron is the only major smoking deterrent based on buffered Lobeline Sulfate. Because of this Bantron can safely give you four times as much Lobeline in a single dose as any other deterrent in the drug store.

How do I know Bantron will work for ME?

Before Bantron was put on the market it was thoroughly researched. It was tested on hundreds of people who wanted to quit smoking. In these clinical tests 83%, more than 4 out of 5, quit easily and pleasantly with the help of Bantron in only 5 to 7 days. Figure for yourself the odds in your favor. Looks like Bantron could be a good bet.

*U.S. Pat. No. 2705695



EDMUND WILSON

From man of letters to local character.

Goodbye to All That

UPSTATE: RECORDS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF NORTHERN NEW YORK by Edmund Wilson. 386 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$8.95.

On the evidence of his 46th book, America's most famous—and cosmopolitan—man of letters has turned into a local character.

In some ways, this is not surprising. Wilson has always been cantankerous, picking fights with his cultural neighbors (Vladimir Nabokov, for example, over obscure points of Russian prosody) and the Government (a \$69,000 misunderstanding with the Internal Revenue Service, after his failure to file tax returns for nine years, erupted into a book-length tirade). When he chooses to talk on any subject, from the Dead Sea Scrolls to Iroquois ritual, listeners must simply sit patiently until he stops. Gossip delights him. In recent years he seems to have spent much of his time whittling on 19th century regional fiction and the learning of Hungarian—his sixth language.

The final step in a slow metamorphosis, made clear by *Upstate*, is Wilson's more or less contented rejection of the great world for a small village—the New York hamlet of Talcottville (pop. 100), north of Utica. His ancestors lived there, he summured there as a boy, and he now owns a handsome old stone house there.

Wilson inherited the house from his mother in 1951. It had been empty for years, but in an excess of ancestral pride, he promptly set about making repairs. He also tried to restore the building's function as a family center, but without much luck: his children preferred Cape Cod. "The croquet set I hoped would occupy [the children]—we always used to play croquet—is still standing by the front door, with nobody ready to set it up."

Despite such disappointments, living

in a small town offers some special Wilsonian satisfactions. It is pleasant, he notes among other things, to have the cemetery so close, "where I can look up family dates." Yet his memory of Talcottville as "a clean and trim settlement" soon proves out of date. Some of its houses are "tumbledown" and "squalid," its citizens "ambitious." Highways are closer and larger. Birch Society posters recommend impeaching Earl Warren. Teen-age motorcyclists ride across the lawn and drink on Wilson's porch, forcing him to scare them away "with a roar and the ancient gun that a Civil War collector in Boonville had offered to buy as a relic."

Wilson devotes a few short chapters to local and family history, which make the reader wish he had gone on to write not a personal chronicle but a full-dress report on upstate New York. There are a few rewarding anecdotes ("This great-aunt, when she found some uncomplimentary entries in her husband's commonplace book, had her marriage bed sawed in half and the two halves made into Empire couches"). There is also an account of the strange religions that flowered in the region 150 years ago. "The common features of several of these religions," he writes, "were the attempts to come to terms with the coexistence of Red Indians; with the second coming of Christ; and with the problem of regulating sex." But like an old man whose sight is going, the great critic prefers to peer close round himself, to take an avuncular interest in pretty Mary Pcolar, the housewife who teaches him Hungarian, to listen to old Albert Grubel tot up local car-crash victims. The brain is still inquisitive, the descriptive skill sure as ever, but the time for exploring seems to be past.

■ Charles Elliot

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Exorcist, Blatty (1 last week)
2. The Other, Tryon (2)
3. The Drifters, Michener (3)
4. The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (10)
5. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (6)
6. The Shadow of the Lynx, Holt (5)
7. The Bell Jar, Plath (9)
8. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (7)
9. On Instructions of My Government, Salinger (8)
10. QB VII, Uris (4)

NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (1)
2. The Sensuous Man, "M" (3)
3. The Female Eunuch, Greer (2)
4. The Gift Horse, Knaf (4)
5. America, Inc., Mintz and Cohen (6)
6. Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Royko (5)
7. Do You Sincerely Want To Be Rich?, Raw, Page and Hodgson (10)
8. Capone, Kobler (8)
9. Rose, Cameron
10. My Favorite Intermissions, Borge

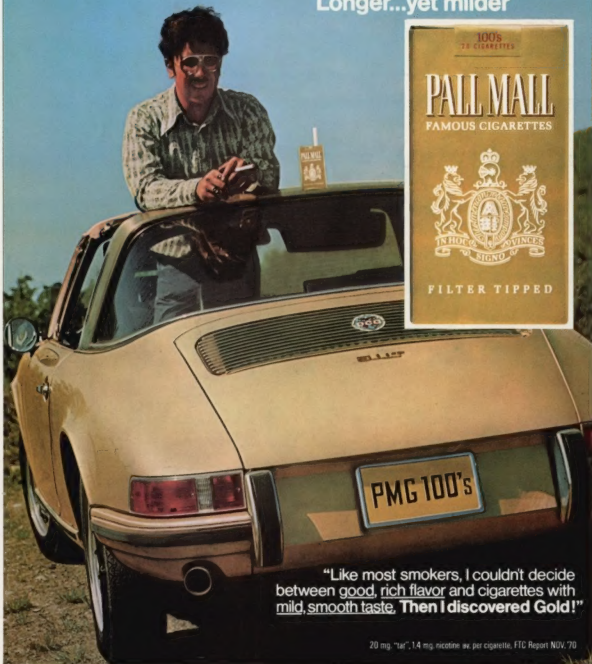
"My perfect gin and tonic?
Mix it the way you always do,
but use ice cubes made of tonic water.
And the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."



Seagram Distillers Company, New York City. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

Decisions...decisions...
I've made my decision-

PALL MALL GOLD 100's
Longer...yet milder



A man wearing sunglasses and a patterned shirt leans over the roof of a gold-colored classic car. A small pack of Pall Mall Gold cigarettes sits on the roof behind him. The car's rear features a license plate that reads "PMG 100's". To the right of the car, a large image of a Pall Mall Gold 100's cigarette pack is shown. The pack is gold with the text "100's 25 CIGARETTES", "PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES", a royal crest with "BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL NAVY", and "FILTER TIPPED".

"Like most smokers, I couldn't decide between good, rich flavor and cigarettes with mild, smooth taste. **Then I discovered Gold!**"

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. 70